

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

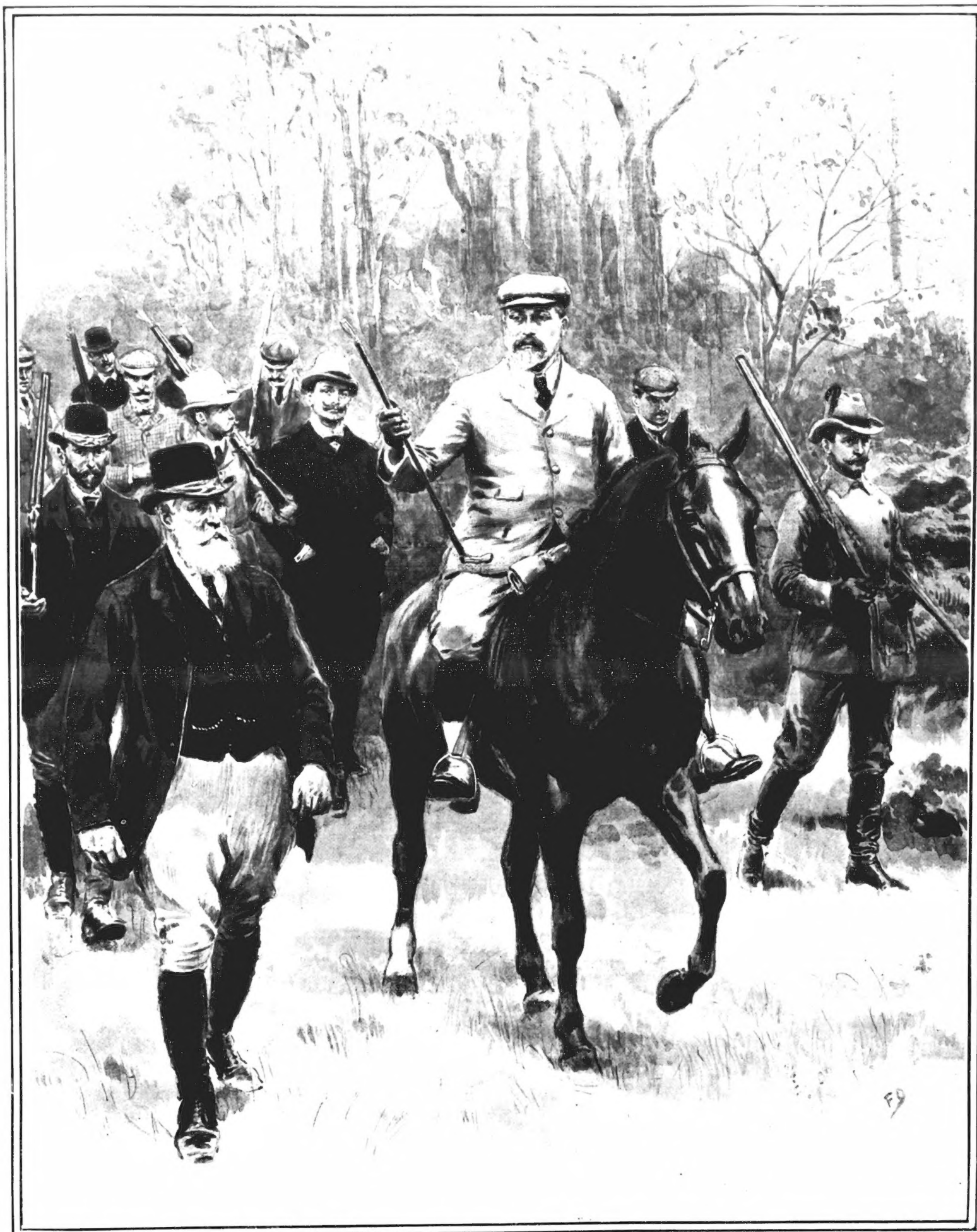
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT.
"The Kaiser's Visit"

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DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK GILLET

THE KING AND HIS ROYAL GUEST GOING TO LUNCH AFTER A MORNING'S SHOOTING
THE KAISER'S VISIT TO SANDRINGHAM

Topics of the Week

Mr. Chamberlain's Mission

THE journey to South Africa on which Mr. Chamberlain sets out early next week will be followed by the whole nation with the best of good wishes, and with a fervent hope that it may be crowned with success. Since the historic mission of Lord Durham to Canada, no such enterprise has been known in the annals of British Colonial administration. But while the two missions are similar, in the respect that both were conceived with the object of bringing peace to a distracted colony, they are otherwise suggestively dissimilar. Lord Durham was only the emissary of the Government, whereas Mr. Chamberlain is for all practical purposes the Government itself. It is in this difference that we may find a distinctly hopeful sign. Although to-day it is recognised that Lord Durham's policy was not only right in itself, but the beginning of all that is permanently good in our colonial administration, it must not be forgotten that its merits were not recognised at the time, and that Ministers were very slow to act upon it. Mr. Chamberlain is a Minister in Lord Durham's place. He not only goes to see for himself, but he goes with the power to give executive force to the conclusions at which he may arrive. Had Lord Durham been Colonial Secretary instead of High Commissioner the policy laid down in his famous report would have been acted upon at once, and the reconstruction of the great North American Colony would have been spared a difficult and dangerous interregnum. Indeed, as Mr. Balfour pointed out at the Guildhall banquet a fortnight ago, the great merit of Mr. Chamberlain's mission is that it creates a precedent. By this, of course, the Prime Minister did not and could not mean that in future it would be the duty of a Colonial Secretary to spend his time in flitting about the distant possessions of the Empire and investigating their problems. Such a state of things under present conditions would be impossible. The precedent Mr. Chamberlain has created is that in great crises of Imperial policy it is the duty of the Minister to see and study for himself, so that his decisions may be founded on the amplest knowledge, and may be acted upon without any avoidable loss of time. It is characteristic of Mr. Chamberlain's practical genius, and of his courageous devotion to the high responsibilities which devolve upon him, that he should have recognised this. Had he desired an easy life, with a minimum of responsibility, he would have left the difficult South African problem—the most difficult which has yet presented itself to British statesmanship—to solve itself on the orthodox and conventional lines. He would have relied exclusively on Lord Milner with the consciousness that if he succeeded, he (the Colonial Secretary) would get most of the credit, while if he (Lord Milner) failed, the blame could still be made to rest with him. Mr. Chamberlain has, however, determined to take the whole responsibility upon himself, and not to act merely through Lord Milner, but with him. The country applauds his resolution, not only for the public spirit by which it is animated, but because, without distinction of party, it has confidence in his great administrative ability, in the soundness of his judgment, and in the loftiness of his Imperial ideals. It feels that if the South African problem is difficult, at any rate Mr. Chamberlain will bring a maximum of British statesmanship to its solution. Mr. Chamberlain is going to South Africa not merely to heal the wounds left by the war, but to lay the foundations of another great Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth. That he will succeed we have every confidence. We earnestly trust that he may be rewarded by being permitted to see the full fruition of his efforts, and to preside in person over the final consolidation of a United South Africa, at peace within itself, and as loyal to the Empire as the two sister Commonwealths.

The Moseley and Boer Missions

It is a remarkable coincidence that two delegations, the one from England, the other from South Africa, should have simultaneously visited North America in pursuit of knowledge not attainable in their respective countries. The Moseley Commission, composed almost exclusively of British workmen, crossed the Atlantic to ascertain, if they could, how it happens that, although the cost of labour is very much higher in the United States than in the United Kingdom, the goods it produces can be sold as cheaply abroad. The usual explanation of this anomaly is that American manufacturers make such large profits out of their home business—thanks to Protection—that they can afford to sell surplus stocks at or below cost for exportation. Others, however, believe that it is the more general use of machinery in the States which tells to the advantage of the American producer. There are many other theories, more or less plausible, and Mr. Moseley did a patriotic thing, therefore, by promoting a thorough investigation of the entire

problem and its collateral issues by a picked body of British toilers in different departments of manufacture. The Boer delegation did not aspire to inquire into any such matter. Its cardinal object was to ascertain what agricultural methods prove most successful in North America from a strictly business standpoint. There is no question that the Boer system of farming has been most wasteful up to the present, and as the annexed colonies will have to carry a much larger white population than in the past, it is a matter of great moment to render the land more productive before the worst pinch comes. A subsidiary purpose of these travellers is to promote direct trade between North America and South Africa, but that too ambitious conception had better be laid on the shelf for a considerable period.

Congested London

THE question of the daily increasing congestion of traffic in London Streets is one that cannot much longer be shelved. Mr. Bryce has suggested that a Royal Commission should be appointed to sit upon the subject, but the worst of Royal Commissions is that they sit so long and effect so little. Meanwhile the problem of London traffic, like the traffic itself, has arrived at a block. Now the obstacles in the way of further progress are to be overcome we do not profess to know, but certain suggestions may be thrown out which, perhaps, may help a solution of the problem. In the first place, one of the contributory causes to the congestion of traffic in the streets is the want of intercommunication between the different railways that serve the metropolitan area. There is, broadly speaking, no railway communication between South London and North London, and the communication between East London and West London is defective. Before spending millions on the construction of tube railways, it might be worth while to link up the existing railway systems so that suburban trains would cross London from North to South and from East to West, thus relieving the streets of a good deal of unnecessary omnibus and cab traffic. Prevention, however, is better than cure, and it is worth while to consider if we cannot remove some of the causes which increase the traffic of London. That some of these causes are within the control of the community cannot be questioned. The Government itself is one of the worst sinners. It compels thousands of people to live in London in order to make clothes for the whole British army in workshops in Pimlico; it compels thousands more to do post-office work in the heart of the City of London that could equally well be done a hundred miles away. Railway and other public companies are also offenders in this respect. These are illustrations of the needless aggregation of industries within the business area of London, and the consequent needless multiplication of the number of human beings that have to be daily moved through London streets.

The Thames Steamboat Service

ALL Londoners will heartily wish well to the joint endeavour of the County Council, the City Corporation, and the Conservancy to re-establish the Thames steamboat service on a better footing. All financial difficulties are said to be arranged, and as Parliament will hardly boggle at a Bill so powerfully backed, before this time next year the enterprise should have reached fruition. It would be premature to hazard any predictions about the commercial outcome of this civic venture. Pessimists gloomily point to the misfortunes which, for some years, have rendered Thames steamers such unprofitable craft. On the other hand, optimists will emphasise the fact that halfpenny steamers produced pretty good dividends to their owners until one of them blew up and frightened people away from the river as a medium for locomotion. Furthermore, it is unquestionably the case that at other great cities on both sides of the Atlantic, not dissimilar to London in their characteristics, it is found remunerative business to convey people by water at low fares. But to secure popular patronage to a similar extent, it is essential that the boats should comply with certain cardinal requirements. They must be comfortable, clean, fast, devoid of unpleasant odours, and furnished with sitting accommodation for all taken on board. There should not, either, be so many stopping places as heretofore, as each halt causes serious delay, speed having to be slowed long before reaching the pier. If due attention be paid to these and other practical details, we see no reason why there should be any loss on the coming venture.

"ICE-BOUND IN THE ARCTIC."

A YARMOUTH YAWL'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES.

Special Narrative and Photographs in this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

ONCE I remember being next to J. R. Planché at dinner, and someone who was sitting the other side of him said he found it made him feel very old when he was introduced to a young man to have to say, "Ah! I knew your father very well!" "It's worse than that with me," replied Planché; "I have to say 'I knew your grandfather!'" Now, though I may not have arrived at this proud patriarchal position yet, I find, from reading a recent account in THE GRAPHIC, that I must have been well acquainted with Adhela, the mother of Guy Fawkes, the present hippopotamus at the Zoo. More than that, when Adhela died I wrote her epitaph in *Punch*. It ran thus:—

*In Urbs, in the Regent's Arms,
Once lived our hippopotamus;
For thirty years she was to us
A useful hippopotamus!
The Press and people made a fuss
About our hippopotamus;
And crowds came up, by cab and bus,
To see our hippopotamus,
Who paid their shillings to discuss
Our noble hippopotamus.
Of coin she brought us overplus,
Our darling hippopotamus.
She's gone—let's shed a tear, and thus
Lament our hippopotamus!
*Itic ja et, 'neath a tumulus,
Adhela, Hippopotamus!**

Now, a good many people have written ordinary epitaphs, but I am proud to think that I am probably the only person who ever wrote a hippopotamical threnody!

If the planters of trees, who have done and are doing so much for the beautification of London, were to turn their attention to Portland Place, I should be indeed grateful. Portland Place is one of the finest streets in the metropolis. The reason of this is that the height of the houses is in proper proportion to the width of the thoroughfare. Every day this condition is being disregarded more and more. The consequence is, though we have an increase in handsome buildings, our streets are rapidly becoming more hideous and sombre. Probably the new avenue from the Strand to Holborn will be a failure, by reason of the neglect, from greed of gain, of the great principle of effective street-building. Probably we shall never see such another street in our city so effective as Portland Place. But to make it perfect it requires trees. It is quite wide enough for three rows; one at the edge of each footway, and one down the centre of the road. There seems no reason why this should not be done. It would not only add to the beauty of the street but would considerably enhance its residential value. Portland Place has taken a line of its own in the way of illumination, and it might just as well take a similar course with regard to trees.

"Wedding presents are becoming an absolute tax!" said a lady to me the other day. Then she went on to say, formerly you only were expected to give to your particular friends and to your near relations. But now people with whom you have hardly a bowing acquaintance will send you invitations to their daughter's wedding. Of course, you don't go—and they probably don't expect to see you—but you're so delighted to get out of the wedding that you eventually forward a gift. This does not signify once in a way, but when it is a matter of continual occurrence it becomes a very serious item in your expenditure, and eventually you are apt to regard those circulars printed in silver characters with anything but favour. My friend has thought of an excellent remedy for this nuisance, namely, to send in all cases a cheque for half a crown. Nothing looks so imposing in the printed list of wedding presents as "Mr. and Mrs. Asper Ewshall—Cheque," and you may remark that the amount is never given. For my part, I think that the whole system of wedding presents is wrong in principle. If the happy pair are really so happy as they pretend to be, they do not require to receive presents, but they should rather bestow them on their friends and relations who do not happen to be quite so fortunate. The whole question of presents and testimonials wants reorganising. It is wrong from beginning to end. If a man makes a great success you give him a piece of plate, whereas he ought to give something to those who are not successful. If a man is made a baronet he is given a dinner, whereas he ought to give a dinner to those who are not made baronets. This fulsome worship of success is one of the worst characteristics of a heartless and rotten age.

"The Narrative of a Tour from the Bank to Bayswater" was written, I am informed by a courteous correspondent, by William Jerdan and published in 1829, and, though somewhat scarce, is occasionally to be met with in salerooms and bookstalls. My correspondent laments the changes that are taking place in and near London on all hands. He is also greatly grieved at the decision that has lately been arrived at with regard to the Sonning bridges. It is very much to be feared the tasteless spirit of the "thoroughly practical men" will ride roughshod over the protest of painters, poets, and true lovers of the Thames, and the indescribable charm of Sonning and its surroundings will be shortly ruined. Of course we shall be told that all the repairs will be executed in a reverential spirit, and that the utmost care will be taken to preserve the picturesqueness of the spot. But just let a single iron girder be introduced, and we shall know what to expect. The work accomplished at Castle Eaton is a warning of what may happen at Sonning. At the first-named place they had a beautiful ancient grey stone bridge with a quaint wooden railing. This they have removed, and have erected a straight, hideous iron-girder, more suitable for a branch line on a third-rate country railway than anything else.

The Court

THE German Emperor closed his visit to the King and Queen on Saturday, after a most enjoyable week's stay at Sandringham. The visit was a success in every respect; for the weather was fine, the sport good, and His Majesty was free from State ceremony. Every day he was shooting over some portion of the estate, two days being given to the partridges among the stubble-fields, and two to the pheasants in the Dersingham coverts and the plantation known as the Woodcock Wood, besides a morning spent in wild-duck shooting, over Wolferton marshes. The Prince of Wales invariably accompanied Emperor William, while King Edward generally joined the party. Lunch was usually served in a tent erected near the scene of the day's shooting, and the Queen and Princesses met the sportsmen at lunch, Princess Victoria bringing her camera on the chance of suitable snapshots. The Emperor, wearing an olive-green Jager suit and Alpine hat, had his own three loaders with him. There were large dinner-parties each night and two special entertainments. First, Mr. Albert Chevalier gave a recital, assisted by Mr. Horace Goldin, and Emperor William was heartily amused by the London coterie songs. Then came the theatrical performance with Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier, for which the King and Queen invited a large audience. The ballroom at Sandringham House was arranged as a theatre, and looked very pretty, with a floral wreath outlining the proscenium, while on either side of the stage were shields bearing respectively the German Eagle in black on a yellow background and the British Lion in scarlet on a white background. Sir Henry Irving came specially from Belfast to play in *A Story of Waterloo*, while Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier produced *Dr. Johnson*. After the performance Sir Henry and Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier supped with the King and Queen, the Emperor and Royal Family.

Saturday brought Emperor William's departure, which was much more public and formal than his arrival. Crowds poured into Sandringham from the neighbourhood and lined the whole three miles from the Sandringham House gates to Wolferton Station. At the station itself was a guard of honour from the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment, together with the Chief Constable of Norfolk, Sir Paynton Pigott, and various local and railway officials. The Emperor drove up in an open carriage with the King and the Prince of Wales, escorted by a detachment of the King's Own Norfolk Imperial Yeomanry, and on alighting Emperor William inspected the guard of honour, telling their chief, Colonel Cresswell, that they were "a very smart, well-set-up body of men." Then the Emperor took leave of his Royal host and speedily steamed off in the special train on his way North. Scarcely three hours later his Majesty had reached his destination at Clifton Station, *via* York, where Lord Lonsdale was waiting to welcome his Imperial guest. On Sunday morning the Emperor accompanied Lord and Lady Lonsdale to Lowther Church, where he sat in the west gallery, just over the Royal Arms. In the afternoon His Majesty inspected the various treasures of the Castle. The next three days were devoted to shooting, particularly wild ducks, His Majesty having had his first experience of this sport when staying at Lowther Castle some years ago. On Thursday Emperor William was to leave Westmoreland for Leith, to join his yacht, the *Hohenzoellern*, calling on the way on Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny.

It is not often that two reigning Monarchs visit our Court within a week, except on some very special occasion. But the King of Portugal's arrival follows close on the Kaiser's departure. King Edward and Queen Alexandra had spent Sunday at Sandringham. His Majesty came up to town on Monday, and after spending a few hours at Buckingham Palace to transact State business, he went down to Windsor in time to receive the Portuguese Sovereign. Dom Carlos had come straight from Paris *via* Calais and Dover, whence a special train brought him to Windsor. A troop of the 2nd Life Guards escorted the two Kings to the Castle, where a large dinner-party took place. Their Majesties were out early shooting in Windsor Great Park on Tuesday, and there were to be large parties on the following days shooting over different parts of the Park and Forest. Queen Alexandra and her daughters came up to the Castle on Wednesday. Last night (Friday) there was to be a special theatrical performance at the Castle, the Vaudeville company playing *Quality Street* before the Royal party. As usual, the Waterloo Chamber was fitted up as a theatre for the occasion. The King of Portugal remains with their Majesties until Monday, when he goes down to Norfolk on a visit to Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney at Didlington Hall.

The Prince of Wales came up from Sandringham on Saturday to join the Princess, who remains at York House, St. James's. He left again on Monday on a shooting visit to Lord and Lady Londesborough at Londesborough Park, Yorks. The Princess keeps in very good health, and spent Sunday afternoon with Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

The Duke of Connaught comes to town from Ireland this week in order to make preparations for his Indian trip. Meanwhile the arrangements at Delhi for the great Durbar are well advanced, and the Viceroy has paid a private visit to see how matters progress. The Duke of Connaught's camp is already pitched, and consists of eight tents opposite the Viceregal buildings, and approached by a special carriage drive. The Duke and Duchess's tent is to be surrounded by lovely gardens. The dining-rooms and sleeping apartments will be at the back, while the Duke's study opens out on one side, and the Duchess's boudoir on the other.

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THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW.

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Murdered in Nigeria



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A well-known Civil Engineer



PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG
New Director of Naval Intelligence



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Died of fever in Nigeria

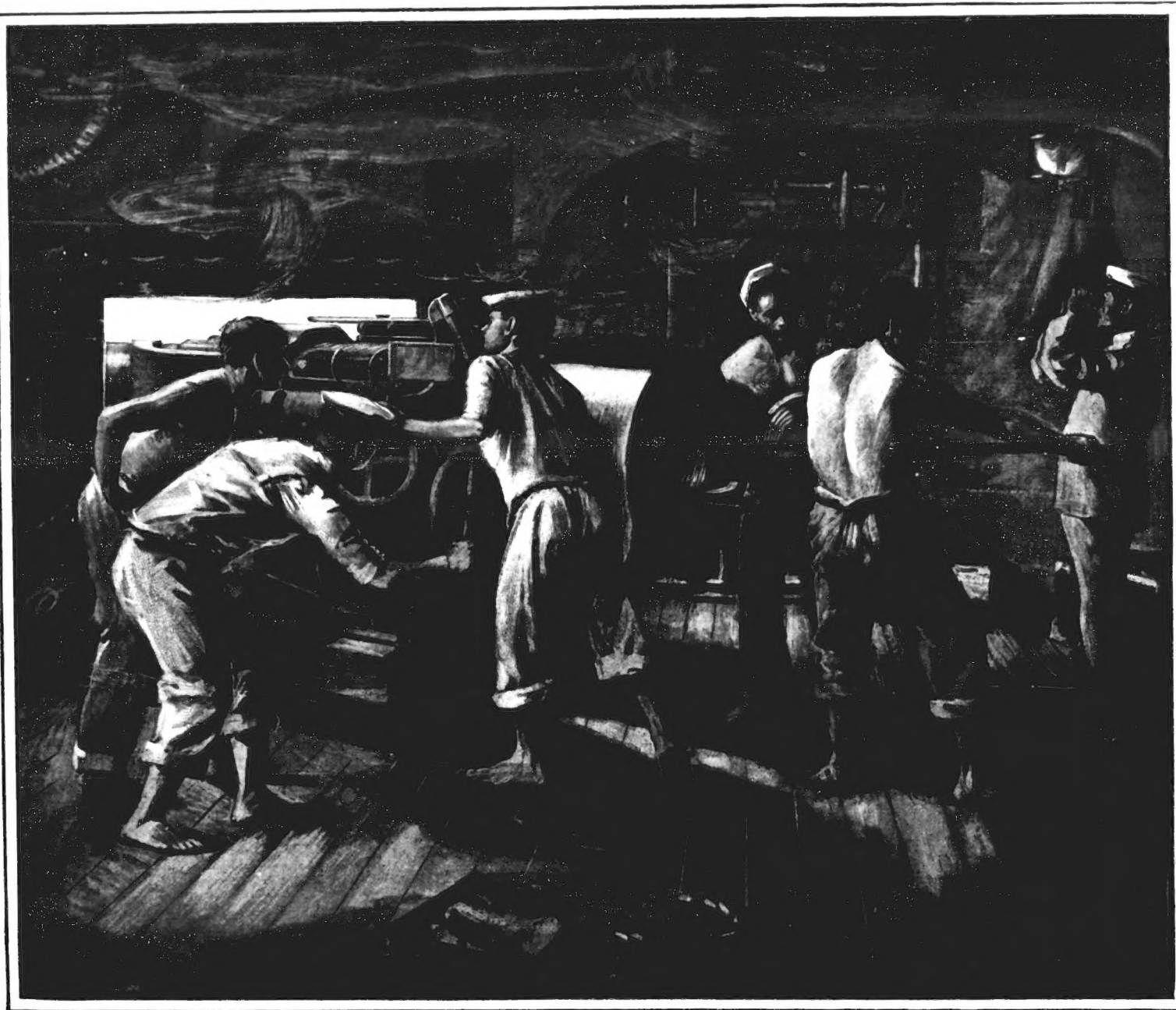
Our Portraits

CAPTAIN PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG has been appointed Director of Naval Intelligence from the 15th inst., in succession to Rear-Admiral Reginald N. Custance, C.M.G. Prince Louis of Battenberg's services in the Royal Navy began in 1882, when he served in the Egyptian War. He was Naval Adviser to the Inspector-General of Fortifications in 1893-94, and in June, 1899, he was appointed Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence. He

married in 1884 Princess Victoria of Hesse, eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Mr. William Henry Barlow, F.R.S., who died on Wednesday at the age of ninety, was a distinguished civil engineer, best known perhaps as the designer of the St. Pancras Station and other large works upon the Midland Railway, to which he was consulting engineer. He was the son of Peter Barlow, F.R.S., who in the early part of the last century held the post of Professor of

Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Jointly with Sir John Hawkshaw, Mr. Barlow was engineer for the Clifton Suspension Bridge over the Avon, opened in 1864, in which the chains of Old Hungerford Bridge depend from towers erected by Brunel thirty years previously. Mr. Barlow was the engineer of the new bridge over the Tay, built to replace the structure blown down in December, 1879, and was one of the committee of selection appointed to consider the designs for the new Forth Bridge. He and Sir Frederick Bramwell were the first two civil members of the Ordnance Committee. Mr. Barlow was one of the oldest members



DRAWN BY A. KEMP TEBBY

Much discussion has been lately aroused in service circles by a report that the Admiralty had issued a circular forbidding the returns of prize firing or of target practice on our ships being made public. Everyone takes keen interest in the subject, and the publication of the records ought, one would think, to be beneficial to the service in that it cannot fail to excite emulation. Our illustration shows a petty officer on board the *Terrible*, whilst on the China station, making as many as eight hits in a minute. The *Terrible's* total record was 102 hits in 128 rounds of her 6-inch quick-firing guns. This score has since

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS

been beaten by the *Ocean*, which this year made 117 hits, as compared with the *Terrible's* fine performance of 102. The *Ocean* has also beaten all previous records with the 12in. guns, and is probably today the most efficient floating gun platform in the world. It is also interesting to note that the splendid shooting of the petty officer of the *Terrible* has now been eclipsed by Gunner Skein, R.M.A., who has made nine hits in one minute as compared with eight hits by the *Terrible's* champion gunner.

REMARKABLE GUNNERY PRACTICE IN THE NAVY



DRAWN BY F. DE HAGEN

In all German watering places and health resorts the Kneipp cure—that is, walking barefoot in wet grass—is strongly recommended.

damp is supplied artificially, the patients taking with them in their morning promenade watering-pots, with which they soak the grass. Other patients who are not thorough in under-

going the cure, find vast amusement in watching elderly ladies with their daughters, officers in mufti, lawyers and others engaged in this water-cure.

THE KNEIPP CURE: PATIENTS TAKING THEIR MORNING EXERCISE AT GRÜNAU, NEAR BERLIN



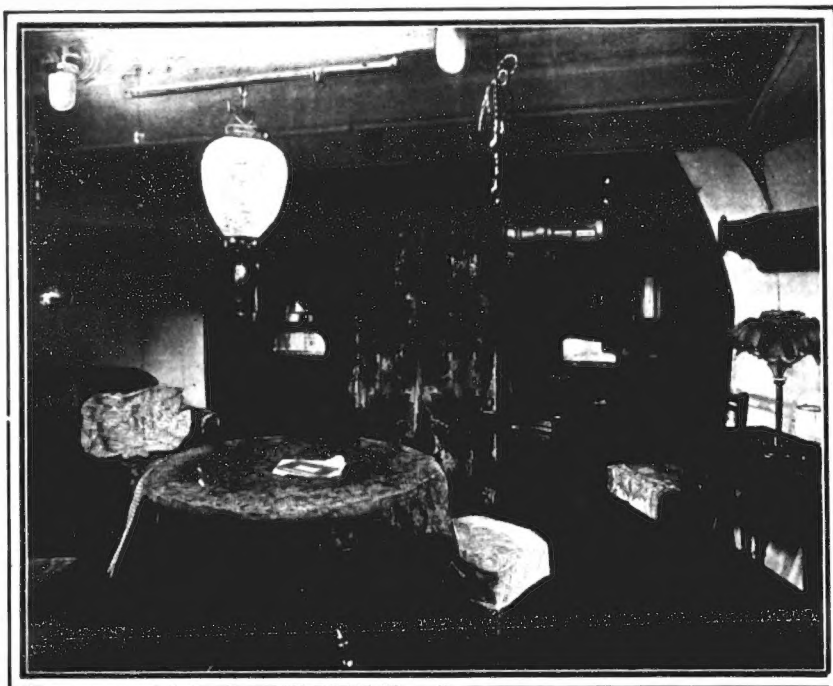
The sitting-room is prettily, though not elaborately, furnished, polished mahogany being mainly used. The door shown in the illustration leads to the dining-room

THE SITTING-ROOM



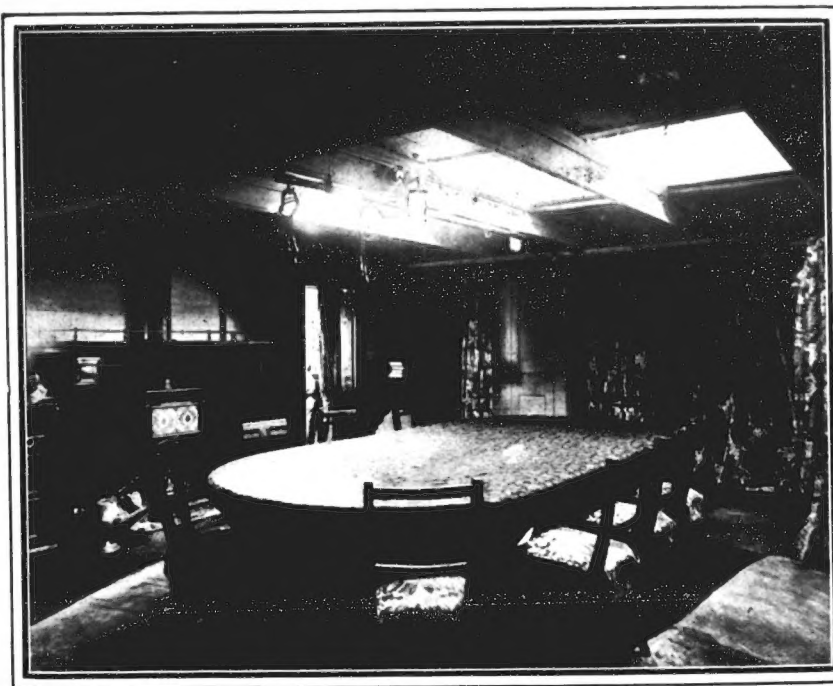
The chart-house is on the after bridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will use it as their day-room

THE CHART-HOUSE AND ADMIRAL'S SHELTER



From this end of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's sitting-room a door leads to the cruiser's stern walk—a sort of balcony overhanging the water under the vessel's stern

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SITTING-ROOM



In this room Mr. Chamberlain will entertain at the various ports of call and on arrival in South Africa. It will also be his dining-room

THE DINING-ROOM

MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR: THEIR APARTMENTS ON BOARD THE CRUISER "GOOD HOPE"

From Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea

of the Institution of Civil Engineers, having been elected in 1845. He filled the presidential chair in 1880. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. G. A. Henty, the well-known war correspondent and writer of boys' books, died on board his yacht at Weymouth, on Sunday. Born in 1832, Mr. Henty was educated at Westminster and at Caius College, Cambridge, and had his first experience of war during the Crimea, to which he went as a member of the Purveyors' Department of the Army. He was invalided home, and when his health was re-established he was sent to Italy to organise the hospitals of the Italian Legion. In 1855 he became one of the special correspondents of the *Standard*, and for forty-seven years was a contributor to the columns of that paper. He followed the war between Italy and Austria, and the subsequent Garibaldian campaign. He witnessed the Franco-German War, and was in Paris during the siege. Among the other notable struggles which he saw and described were the Ashanti operations, the Carlist rising in Spain, and the Turco-Servian War. He also accompanied King Edward when, as Prince of Wales, he visited India in 1875. His greatest literary successes were undoubtedly his book for boys, of which he wrote no fewer than eighty. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

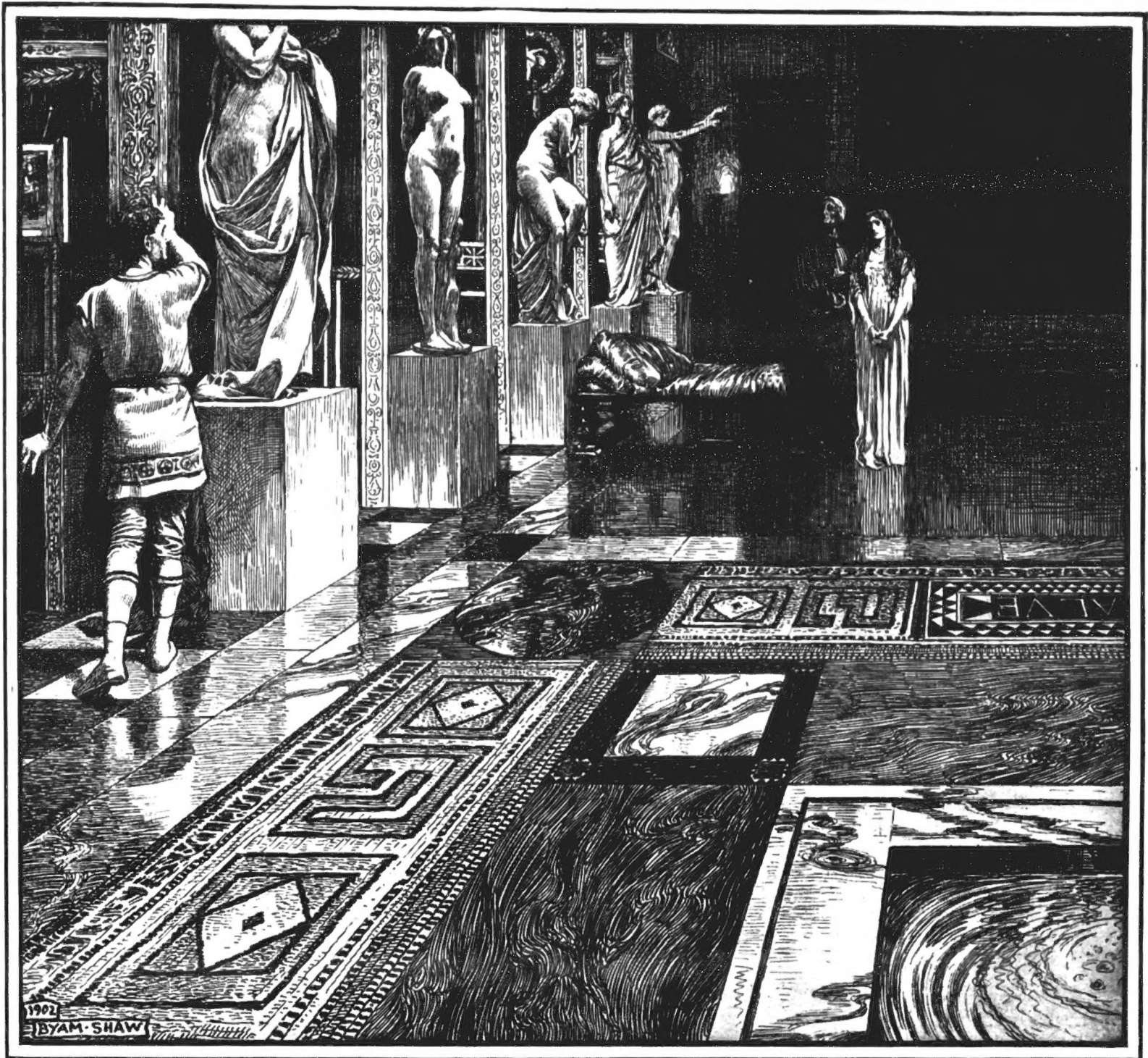
Captain G. Moloney, who was recently reported to have been murdered in Nigeria, was a brother of Sir Alfred Moloney, Governor of Trinidad. He joined the Royal Irish Regiment in 1881, and exchanged into the South Staffordshire Regiment in order to take

part in the first Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He subsequently served for three years in the Congo Free State, for which he was decorated by the King of the Belgians. He next served for eight years with the Royal Niger Company as commandant of the troops in Nigeria, and was wounded during the Brass rising and sacking of Akassa. He was invalided home in 1895. Upon his recovery in November, 1901, he was appointed third-class political resident for Northern Nigeria. After about six months' service he was promoted to the second class. He met his death, according to the scanty reports as yet received, on October 4, at the hands of the Magaji of Keffi, a notorious slave raider, whom he was interviewing at the time, with the object of gaining him over without recourse to force.

The death from fever is announced of Captain A. B. Molesworth in Northern Nigeria, West Africa, on October 17 last. The deceased officer joined the Army in 1902, and was with the West African Frontier Force from its formation. He was a most enterprising, energetic and capable officer, in the expeditions to open up the rough, uncivilised, and hitherto unpenetrated region of W. Africa, and was more than once engaged in quelling the risings among the natives. Captain Molesworth had only just returned to headquarters from a six months' expedition into the interior, and was the first officer, with Lieutenant Dyer, to reach the shores of Lake Chad and plant the British flag there. He doubtless contracted the fatal fever germs while on this arduous and dangerous expedition. It will be remembered that this promising officer had the honour of conducting a detachment of native Yorobas and Indian Madras Sappers to be inspected by the late Queen Victoria at Balmoral in September, 1900. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE Suffolk Street painters show no little zeal in the way in which they cover the walls of their institution. Mr. Watts, as an honorary member, gives distinction with his portrait of "Miss Lilian Mackintosh," one of his latest efforts in his blond paintings of youthful femininity. Mr. Sheard, who paints strong sunlight nearly as well as M. Rigolot, exercises his talent in "Noon in the Harvest Field." Mr. Cayley Robinson, whose *parti pris* has begun to shock his greatest admirers, seems to be working back towards uncompromising pre-Raphaelitism, just as Millais and Holman Hunt worked away from it. It is a curious spectacle, and, the artist's talent considered, a pathetic one. There is enough ability and originality in "Twilight" to make delight rather than to electrify the spectator. Mr. William Kneen, Mr. Hal Hurst and Miss Kemp-Welch all attract their special admirers, and among the converts to French modernism Mr. Dewhurst and Mr. Joottel are impressionistic and luministic in effect and in colour. "My Portrait" by Mr. Blundel Thompson, a Dutch landscape by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, and a religious picture on a well-worn theme ("The Helping Hand" of Christ) by Mrs. A. L. Merritt, are all to be noted among their surroundings; and Mr. Bunny's "Mlle. Otero," which might almost have been inspired by the late M. Toulouse-Lautrec's love of the ungainly, just gives that note of the audacious to add the touch of mustard to the dish that the Royal British artists have served up to us. It all sounds very much like last year's notice, does it not?—No doubt; but the exhibition does not differ greatly, nor has the Committee determined on a greater stringency of selection.



"She led her into a lighted passage, and thence through a door into a great and splendid room spread with rich carpets and adorned with costly furniture and marble images"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XXIV.

MASTER AND SLAVE

Now a hush of expectancy fell upon the crowd, till presently two attendants appeared, each of them holding in his hand a flaming torch, and between them the captive, Pearl-Maiden. So beautiful did she look as she advanced thus with bowed head, the red light of the torches falling upon her white robe and breast and reflected in a faint shimmering line from the collar of pearls about her neck, that even that jaded company clapped as she came. In another moment she had mounted the two steps and was standing on the block of marble. The crowd pressed closer, among them the merchant of Egypt, Demetrius, and the veiled woman with the basket, who was now attended by a little man dressed as a slave and bearing on his back another basket, the weight of which he seemed to find irksome, since from time to time he groaned and twisted his shoulders. Also the Chamberlain, Satrius, secure in the authority of his master, stepped over the rope and against the rule began to walk round and round the captive, examining her critically.

"Look at her!" said the auctioneer. "Look for yourselves. I have nothing to say, words fail me—unless it is this. For more than twenty years I have stood in the rostrum, and during that time I suppose that fifteen or sixteen thousand young women have been

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knocked down to my hammer. They have come out of every part of the world; from the farthest East, from the Grecian mountains, from Egypt and Cyprus, from the Spanish plains, from Gaul, from the people of the Teutons, from the island of the Britons, and other barbarous places that lie still further north. Among them were many beautiful women, of every style and variety of loveliness, yet I tell you honestly, my patrons, I do not remember one who came so near perfection as this maiden whom I have the honour to sell to-night. I say again—look at her, look at her, and tell me with what you can find fault.

"What do you say? Oh! yes, I am informed that her teeth are quite sound, there is no blemish to conceal, none at all, and the hair is all her own. That gentleman says that she is rather small. Well, she is not built upon a large scale, and to my mind that is one of her attractions. Little and good, you know, little and good. Only consider the proportions. Why, the greatest sculptors, ancient or modern, would rejoice to have her as model, and I hope that in the interests of the art-loving public"—here he glanced at the Chamberlain, Satrius—"that the fortunate person into whose hands she passes, will not be so selfish as to deny them this satisfaction.

"Now I have said enough and must but add this, that by the special decree of her captor, the Emperor Titus, the beautiful necklace of pearls worn by the maiden goes with her. I asked a jeweller friend of mine to look at it just now, and judging as well

as he could without removing it from her neck, which was not allowed, he values it at least at a hundred sesteria. Also, there goes with this lot considerable property, situated in Tyre and neighbouring places, to which had she been a free woman, she would have succeeded by inheritance. You may think that Tyre is a long way off and that it will be difficult to take possession of this estate and, of course, there is something in the objection. Still, the title to it is secure enough, for here I have a deed signed by Titus Cæsar himself, commanding all officials, officers and others concerned, to hand over, without waste or deduction, all property, real or personal, belonging to the estate of the late Benoni, the Jewish merchant of Tyre and a member of the Sanhedrim—the lot's grandfather, I am informed, gentlemen—to her purchaser, who has only to fill in his own name in the blank space, or any representatives whom he may appoint, which deed is especially declared to be indefeasible. Any one wish to see it? No? Then we will take it as read. I know that in such a matter, my patrons, my word is enough for you.

"Now I am about to come to business with the remark that the more liberal your bidding the better will our glorious general, Titus Cæsar, be pleased; the better will the poor and the invalided soldiers, who deserve so well at your hands, be pleased; the better will the girl herself be pleased, who, I am sure, will know how to reward a generous appreciation of her worth; and the better shall I, your humble friend and servant, be pleased, because, as I may

inform you in strict secrecy, I am paid, not by a fixed salary, but by commission.

"Now, gentlemen, what may I say? A thousand sesteria to begin with? Oh! don't laugh, I expect more than that. What! Fifty? You are joking, my friend. However, the acorn grows into the oak, doesn't it? and I am told that you can stop the sources of the Tiber with your hat, so I'll start with fifty. Fifty—a hundred. Come, bid up, gentlemen, or we shall never get home to supper. Two hundred—three, four, five, six, seven, eight—ah! that's better. What are you stopping for?" and he addressed a hatchet-faced man who had thrust himself forward over the rope of the ring.

The man shook his head with a sigh. "I'm done," he said. "Such goods are for my betters," a sentiment that seemed to be shared by his rivals, since they also stopped bidding.

"Well, friend Satrius," said the auctioneer, "have you gone to sleep, or have you anything to say? Only in hundreds, now, gentlemen, mind, only in hundreds, unless I give the word. Thank you, I have nine hundred," and he looked round rather carelessly, expecting at heart that this bid would be the last.

Then the merchant from Alexandria stepped forward and held up his finger.

"A thousand, by the gods!"

Satrius looked at the man indignantly. Who was this that dared to bid against Domitian, the third dignitary in all the Roman empire, Caesar's son, Caesar's brother, who might himself be Caesar? Still he answered with another bid of eleven hundred.

Once more the finger of Demetrius went up.

"Twelve. Twelve hundred!" said the auctioneer, in a voice of suppressed excitement, while the audience gasped, for such prices had not been heard of.

"Thirteen," said the Chamberlain.

Again the finger went up.

"Fourteen hundred. I have fourteen hundred against you, worthy Satrius. Come, come, I must knock the lot down, which perhaps would not please some whom I could mention. Don't be stingy, friend, you have a large purse to draw on, and it is called the Roman empire. Now, thank you, I have fifteen hundred. Well, my friend yonder. What! Have you had enough?" and he pointed to the Alexandrian merchant, who, with a groan, had turned aside and hidden his face in his hands.

"Knocked out, knocked out, it seems," said the auctioneer, "and though it is little enough under all the circumstances for this lot, which is as lovely as she is historical, I suppose that I can scarcely expect—" and he looked round despondently.

Suddenly the old woman with the basket glanced up and, speaking in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice, but with a foreign accent, said:

"Two thousand."

A titter of laughter ran round the ring.

"My dear madam?" queried the auctioneer, looking at her dubiously, "might I ask if you mean sesteria or sestertia? Your pardon, but it has occurred to me that you might be confounding the two sums."

"Two thousand sesteria," repeated the matter-of-fact voice with the foreign accent.

"Well, well," said the auctioneer, "I suppose that I must accept the bid. Friend Satrius, I have two thousand sesteria, and it is against you."

"Against me it must remain, then," replied the little man in a fury. "Do all the kings in the world want this girl? Already I have exceeded my limit by five hundred sesteria. I dare do no more. Let her go."

"Don't vex yourself, Satrius," said the auctioneer, "bidding is one thing, paying another. At present I have a *bona-fide* bid of fifteen hundred from you. Unless this literal but unknown lady is prepared with the cash I shall close on that. Do you understand, madam?"

"Perfectly," answered the veiled old woman. "Being a stranger to Rome I thought it well to bring the gold with me, since strangers cannot expect credit."

"To bring the gold with you!" gasped the auctioneer. "To bring two thousand sesteria with you! Where is it then?"

"Where? Oh! in my servant's and my own baskets, and something more as well. Come, good sir, I have made my bid. I see the worthy gentleman advance?"

"No," shouted Satrius. "You are being fooled; she has not got the money."

"If he does not advance and no other worthy gentleman wishes to bid, then will you knock the lot down?" said the old woman. "Pardon me if I press you, noble seller of slaves, but I must ride far from Rome to-night, to Centum Cellae, indeed, where my ship waits; therefore, I have no time to lose."

Now the auctioneer saw that there was no choice, since under the rules of the public mart, he must accept the offer of the highest bidder.

"Two thousand sesteria are bid for this lot No. 7, the Jewish captive known as Pearl-Maiden, sold by order of Titus Imperator, together with her collar of pearls and the property to which, as a free woman, she would have been entitled. Any advance on two thousand sesteria?" and he looked at Satrius, who shook his head. "No? Then—going—going—gone! I declare the lot sold, to be delivered on payment of the cash to the person named—by the way, madam, what is your name?"

"Mulier."

At this the company burst into a loud laugh.

"Mulier?" repeated the auctioneer, "Mulier—Woman?"

"Yes, am I not a woman, and what better name can I have than is given to all my sex?"

"In truth, you are so wrapped up that I must take your word for it," replied the auctioneer. "But, come, let us put an end to this farce. If you have the money, follow me into the receiving-house—for I must see to the matter myself—and pay it down."

"With pleasure, sir, but be so good as to bring my property with you. She is too valuable to be left here unprotected amongst these distinguished but disappointed gentlemen."

Accordingly Miriam was led from the marble stand into an office

* A sesterius was worth less than *ad.*, a sestertium was a sum of money of the value of about 8*s.* sterling.

annexed to the receiving-house, whither she was followed by the auctioneer and by Nehushta and her servant, whose backs, it was now observed, lent beneath the weight of the baskets that were strapped upon them. Here the door was locked, and with the help of her attendant Nehushta loosened her basket, letting it fall upon the table with a sigh of relief.

"Take it and count," she said to the auctioneer, untying the lid.

He lifted it and there met his eye a layer of lettuces neatly packed.

"By Venus!" he began in a fury.

"Softly, friend, softly," said Nehushta, "these lettuces are of a kind which only grow in yellow soil. Look," and lifting the vegetables she revealed beneath row upon row of gold coin. "Examine it before you count," she said.

He did so by biting pieces at hazard with his teeth and causing them to ring upon the marble table.

"It is good," he said.

"Quite so. Then count."

So he and the clerk counted, even to the bottom of the basket, which was found to contain gold to the value of over eleven hundred sesteria.

"So far well," he said, "but that is not enough."

The buyer beckoned to the man with her who stood in the corner, his face hidden by the shadow, and he dragged forward the second basket which he had already unstrapped from his shoulders. Here also were lettuces, and beneath the lettuces gold. When the full two thousand sesteria were counted, that is, over fifteen thousand pounds of our money, this second basket still remained more than a third full.

"I ought to have run you up, madam," said the auctioneer, surveying the shining gold with greedy eyes.

"Yes," she replied calmly, "if you had guessed the truth you might have done so. But who knows the truth, except myself?"

"Are you a sorceress?" he asked.

"Perhaps. What does it matter? At least, the gold will not melt. And, by the way, it is troublesome carrying so much of the stuff back again. Would you like a couple of handfuls for yourself, and say ten pieces for your clerk? Yes? Well, please first fill in that deed with the name that I shall give you and with your own as witness? Here it is—"Miriam, daughter of Demas and Rachel, born in the year of the death of Herod Agrippa." Thank you. You have signed, and the clerk also, I think. Now I will take that roll."

"One thing more, there is another door to this receiving-house? With your leave I should prefer to go out that way, as my newly acquired property seems tired, and for one day has had enough of public notice. You will, I understand, give us a few minutes to depart before you return to the rostrum, and your clerk will be so courteous as to escort us out of the Forum. Now help yourself. Man, can't you make your hand larger than that? Well, it will suffice to pay for a summer holiday. I see a cloak there which may serve to protect this slave from the chill air of the night. In case it should be claimed, perhaps these five pieces will pay for it. Most noble and courteous sir, again I thank you. Young woman, throw this over your bare shoulders and your head, that necklace might tempt the dishonest."

"Now, if our guide is ready, we will be going. Slave, bring the basket, at the weight of which you need no longer groan, and you, young woman, strap on this other basket; it is as well that you should begin to be instructed in your domestic duties, for I tell you at once that having heard much of the skill of the Jews in those matters, I have thought you to be my cook and to attend to the dressing of my hair. Farewell, sir, farewell, may we never meet again."

"Farewell," replied the astonished auctioneer, "farewell, my lady Mulier, who can afford to give two thousand sesteria for a cook! Good luck to you, and if you are always as liberal as this, may we meet once a month, say I. Yet have no fear," he added meaningly. "I know when I have been well treated and shall not seek you out—even to please Caesar himself."

Three minutes later, under the guidance of the clerk, who was as discreet as his master, they had passed, quite undisturbed, through various dark colonnades and up a flight of marble stairs.

"Now you are out of the Forum, so go your ways," he said.

They went, and the clerk stood watching them until they were round a corner, for he was young and curious, and to him this seemed the strangest comedy of the slave-market of which he had ever even heard.

As he turned to go he found himself face to face with a tall man, in whom he recognised that merchant of Egypt who had bid for Pearl-Maiden up to the enormous total of fourteen hundred sesteria.

"Friend," said Demetrius, "which way did your companions go?"

"I don't know," answered the clerk.

"Come, try to remember. Did they walk straight on, or turn to the left, or turn to the right? Fix your attention on these, it may help you," and once more that fortunate clerk found five gold pieces thrust into his hand.

"I don't know that they help me," he said, for he wished to be faithful to his hire.

"Fool," said Demetrius in a changed voice, "remember quickly, or here is something that will—" and he showed him a dagger glinting in his hand. "Now, then, do you wish to go the same road as they carried the Jewish girl and the Eastern?"

"They turned to the right," said the clerk sulkily. "It is the truth, but may that road you speak of be yours who draw knives on honest folk."

With a bound Demetrius left his side, and for the second time the clerk stood still, watching him go.

"A strange business," he said to himself; "but, perhaps, my master was right and that old woman was a sorceress, or, perhaps, the young one is the sorceress, since all men seem ready to pay a tribute to get hold of her, or, perhaps, they are both sorceresses. A strange story of which I should like to know the meaning, and so, I fancy, would the Prince Domitian when he comes to hear of it. Satrius, the Chamberlain, has a fat place, but I would not take it to-night, no, not if it were given to me."

Then that young man returned to the mart in time to hear his master knock down lot thirteen, a very sweet-looking girl, to Satrius himself, who proposed, though with a doubtful heart, to take her to Domitian as a substitute.

Meanwhile, Nehushta, Miriam and the steward Stephanus, disguised as a slave, went on as swiftly as they dared towards the palace of Marcus in the Via Agrippa. The two women held each other by the hand but said nothing; their hearts seemed too full for speech. Only the old steward kept muttering—"Two thousand sesteria! The savings of years! Two thousand sesteria for that bit of a girl! Surely the gods have smitten him mad."

"Hold your peace, fool," said Nehushta at length. "At least, I am not mad; the property that went with her is worth more than the money."

"Yes, yes," replied the aggrieved Stephanus, "but how will that benefit my master? You put it in her name. Well, it is no affair of mine, and at least this accursed basket is much lighter."

Now they were at the side door of the house which Stephanus was unlocking with his key.

"Quick," said Nehushta, "I hear footsteps."

The door opened and they passed in, but at that moment one went by them, pausing to look until the door closed again.

"Who was that?" asked Stephanus nervously.

"He whom they called Demetrius, the merchant of Alexandria, but whom once I knew by another name," answered Nehushta in a low voice while Stephanus barred the door.

They walked through the archway into an ante-chamber lit by a single lamp, leaving Stephanus still occupied with his bolts and chains. Here with a sudden motion Nehushta threw off her cloak and tore the veil from her face. In another instant, uttering a low, crooning cry she flung her long arms about Miriam and began to kiss her again and again on the face.

"My darling," she moaned, "my darling."

"Tell me what it all means, Nou," said the poor girl faintly.

"It means that God has heard my prayers and suffered my old feet to overtake you in time, and provided the wealth to preserve you from a dreadful fate."

"Whose wealth? Where am I?" asked Miriam.

Nehushta made no answer, only she unstrapped the basket from Miriam's back and unclasped the cloak from about her shoulders. Then, taking her by the hand, she led her into a lighted passage, and thence through a door into a great and splendid room spread with rich carpets and adorned with costly furniture and marble images. At the end of this room was a table lighted by two lamps, and on the further side of this table sat a man as though he were asleep, for his face was hidden upon his arms. Miriam saw him and clung to Nehushta trembling.

"Hush!" whispered her guide, and they stood still in the shadow.

The man lifted his head so that the light fell full upon it, and Miriam saw that it was Marcus—Marcus grown older and with a patch of grey hair upon his temple where the sword of Caleb had struck him, very worn and tired-looking also, but still Marcus and no other. He was speaking to himself.

"I can hear it no longer," he said. "Thrice have I been to the gate and still no sign. Doubtless the plan has miscarried and by now she is in the palace of Domitian. I will go forth and learn the worst," and he rose from the table.

"Speak to him," whispered Nehushta pushing Miriam forward.

She advanced into the circle of the lamplight, but as yet Marcus did not see her, for he had gone to the window-place to find a cloak that lay there. Then he turned and saw her. Before him in her robe of white, the soft light shining on her gentle loveliness, stood Miriam. He stared at her bewildered.

"Do I dream?" he said.

"Nay, Marcus," she answered in her sweet voice, "you do not dream. I am Miriam."

In an instant he was at her side and held her in his arms, nor did she resist him, for after so many fears and sufferings they seemed to her a home.

"Loose me, I pray you," she said at length. "I am faint, I can bear no more."

At her entreaty he suffered her to sink upon the cushions of a couch that was at hand.

"Tell me, tell me everything," he said.

"Ask it of Nehushta," she answered, leaning back, "I am spent."

Nehushta ran to her side and began to chafe her hands. "Let be with your questions," she said. "I bought her, that's enough. Ask that old huckster, Stephanus, the price. But first, in the name of charity give her food. Those who have walked through a Triumph to end the day on the slave, block need victuals."

"It is here, it is here," Marcus said, confusedly, "such as there is." Taking a lamp he led the way to a table that was placed in the shadow where stood some meat and fruit with flagons of rich coloured wine and pure water and shallow silver cups to drink from.

Putting her arm about Miriam's waist, Nehushta supported her to the table and sat her down upon one of the couches. Then she poured out wine and put it to her lips, and cut meat and made her swallow it till Miriam would touch no more. Now the colour came back to her face, and her eyes grew bright again, and resting there upon the couch, she listened while Nehushta told Marcus all the story of the slave sale.

"Well done," he said, laughing in his old merry fashion, "well done, indeed. Oh! what favouring god put it into the head of that honest old miser, Stephanus, from year to year to hoard up all that sum of gold against an hour of sudden need which none could foresee!"

"My God and hers," answered Nehushta solemnly, "to Whom if He give you grace, you should be thankful, which, by the way, is more than Stephanus is who has seen so much of your savings squandered in an hour."

"Your savings?" said Miriam, looking up. "Did you buy me, Marcus?"

"I suppose so, beloved," he answered.

"Then, then, I am your slave?"

"Not so, Miriam," he replied nervously. "As you know well, it

is I who am yours. All I ask of you is that you should become my wife."

"That cannot be, Marcus," she answered in a kind of cry. "You know that it cannot be."

His face turned pale.

"After all that has come and gone between us, Miriam, do you still say so?"

"I still say so."

"You could give your life for me, and yet you will not give your life to me?"

"Yes, Marcus."

"Why? Why?"

"For the reasons that I gave you yonder by the banks of Jordan: because those who begat me laid on me the charge that I should marry none who is not a Christian. How, then, can I marry you?" Marcus thought a moment.

"Does the book of your law forbid it?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, but the dead forbid it, and rather will I join them than break their command."

Again Marcus thought and spoke:

"Well, then, since I must, I will become a Christian."

She looked at him sadly and answered:

"It is not enough. Do you remember what I told you far away in the village of the Essenes, that this is no matter of casting incense on an altar, but rather one of a changed spirit. When you can say those words from your heart as well as with your lips, then, Marcus, I will listen to you; but unless God calls you, this you can never do."

"What then do you propose?" he asked.

"I? I have not had time to think. To go away, I suppose."

"To Domitian?" he queried. "Nay, forgive me, but a sore heart makes bitter lips."

"I am glad you asked forgiveness for those words, Marcus," she said quivering. "What need is there to insult a slave?"

The word seemed to suggest a new train of thought to Marcus.

"Yes," he said, "a slave—my slave whom I have bought at a great price. Well, why should I let you go? I am minded to keep you."

"Marcus, you can keep me if you will, but then your sin against your own honour will be greater even than your sin against me."

"Sin!" he said passionately. "What sin? You say you cannot marry me, not because you do not wish it, if I understand you right, but for other reasons which have weight, at any rate with you. But the dead gave no command as to whom you should love."

"No, my love is my own, but if it is not lawful it can be denied."

"Why should it be denied?" he asked softly and coming towards her. "Is there not much between you and me? Did not you, brave and blessed woman that you are, risk your life for my sake in the Old Tower at Jerusalem? Did you not for my sake stand there upon the Gate Nicanor to perish miserably? And I, though it be little, have I not done something for you? Have I not so soon as your message reached me, journeyed here to Rome, at the cost, perhaps, of what I value more than life—my honour?"

"Your honour?" she asked. "Why your honour?"

"Because those who have been taken prisoner by the enemy and escaped are held to be cowards among the Romans," he answered bitterly, "and it may be that such a lot awaits me."

"Coward! You a coward, Marcus?"

"Aye. When it is known that I live, that is what my enemies will call me who lived on for your sake, Miriam—for the sake of a woman who denies me."

"Oh!" she said, "this is bitter. Now I remember and understand what Gallus meant."

"Then will you still deny me? Must I suffer thus in vain? Think. Had it not been for you I could have stayed afar until the thing was forgotten—that is, if I still chose to live; but now, because of you, things are thus, and yet, Miriam, you deny me," and he put his arms about her and drew her to his breast.

She did not struggle, she had no strength, only she wrung her hands and sobbed, saying:

"What shall I do? Woe is me, what shall I do?"

"Do?" said the voice of Nehushta speaking clear as a clarion from the shadows. "Do your duty, girl, and leave the rest to Heaven."

"Silence, accursed woman!" gasped Marcus turning pale with anger.

"Nay," she answered, "I will not be silent. Listen, Roman. I like you well, as you have reason to know, seeing that it was I who nursed you back to life, when for one hour's want of care you must have died. I like you well, and above everything on earth I wish that ere my eyes shut for the last time, they may see your hand in her hand, and her hand in your hand, man and wife before the face of all men. Yet I tell you that now, indeed, you are a coward in a

deeper fashion than that the Romans dream of, you are a coward who try to work upon the weakness of this poor girl's loving heart, who try in the hour of her sore distress to draw her from the spirit, if not from the letter, of her duty. So great a coward are you, that you remind her even that she is your slave and threaten to deal with her as you heathen deal with slaves. You put a gloss upon the truth; you try to fitch the fruit you may not pluck; you say 'you may not marry me, but you are my property, and therefore if you give way to your master it is no sin.' I tell you it is a sin, doubly a sin, since you would binl the weight of it on her back as well as on your own, and a sin that in this way or in that would bring its reward to both of you."

"Have you finished?" asked Marcus coldly, but suffering Miriam to slip from his arms back upon the couch.

"No, I have not finished. I spoke of the fruits of evil, now as my heart prompts me I speak of the promise of good. Let this woman go free as you have the power to do; strike the chains off her neck and take back the price that you have paid for her, since she has property which will discharge it to the last farthing, which property to-day stands in her name and can be conveyed to you. Then, go, search the Scriptures and see if you can find no message in them. If you find it, well and good, then take her with a clean heart and be happy. If you find it not, well and good, then leave her with a clean heart and be sorrowful, for so it is decreed. Only

you all fortune, and—why do you not thank me? Under the circumstances, it would be kind."

But Miriam only burst into a flood of tears.

"What will you do, Marcus? Oh! what will you do?" she sobbed.

"In all probability, things which I would rather you did not know of," he answered bitterly, "or I may take it into my head to accept the suggestion of our friend Nehushta, and begin to search those Scriptures of which I have heard so much; that seem, by the way, specially designed to prevent the happiness of men and women." Then he added fiercely, "Go, girl, go at once, for if you stand there weeping before me any longer, I tell you that I shall change my mind, and as Nehushta says, imperil the safety of your soul, and of my own—which does not matter."

So Miriam stumbled from the room and through the curtained doorway. As Nehushta followed her Marcus caught her by the arm.

"I have half a mind to murder you," he said quietly.

The old Libyan only laughed.

"All I have said is true and for your own good, Marcus," she answered, "and you will live to know it."

"Where will you take her?"

"I don't know yet, but Christians always have friends."

"You will let me hear of her?"

"Surely, if it is safe."

"And if she needs help you will tell me?"

"Surely, and if you need her help, and it can be done, I will bring her to you."

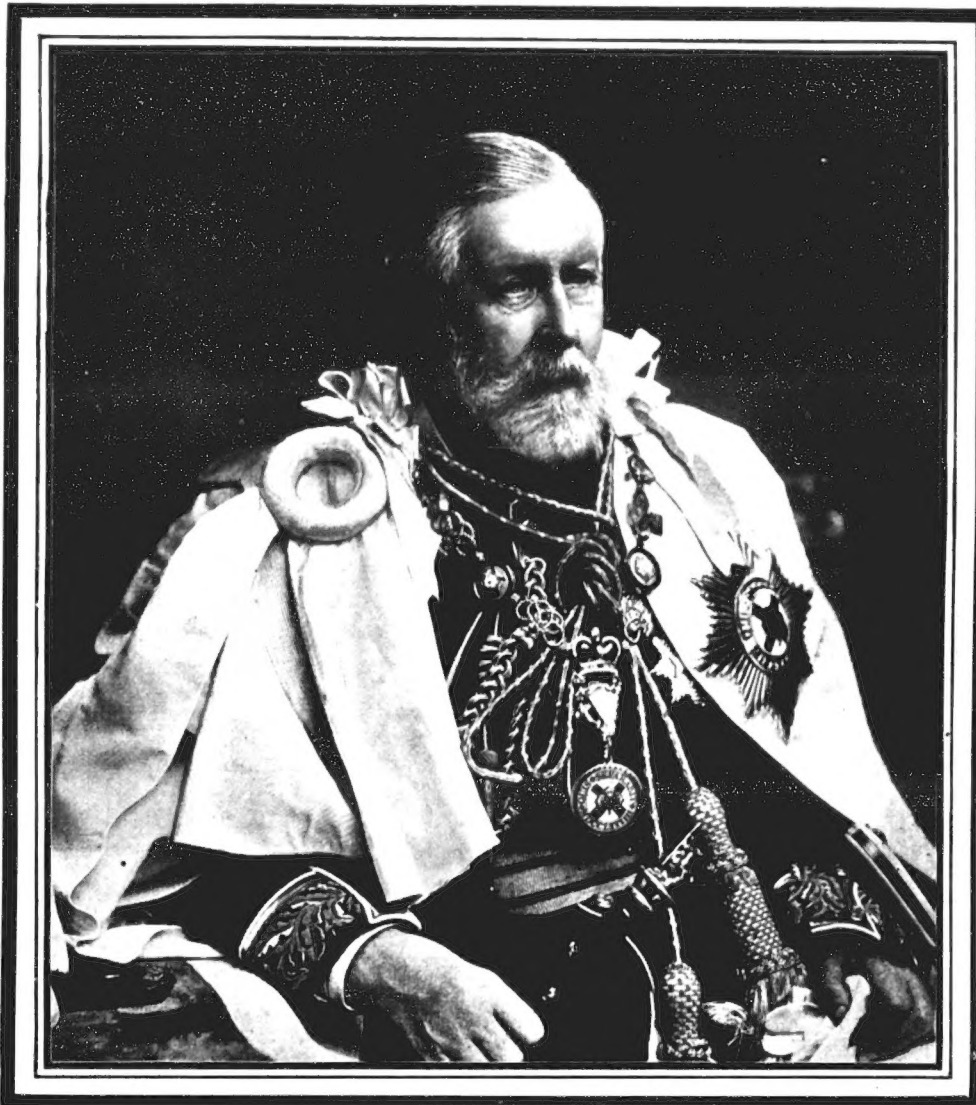
"Then may I need help soon," he said. "Begone."

(To be continued)

The Late Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar

THE death of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar removes a most familiar figure from the English Court and society. As the close friend of King Edward and the Duke of Cambridge, he is most genuinely regretted by our Royal House and by the hosts of friends who enjoyed his hospitality at North Berwick and in Portland Place. Notwithstanding his German name, Prince Edward was an Englishman born, lived his whole life in England, and married an English wife. He was the eldest son of Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach and Princess Ida of Saxe-Meiningen, sister to Queen Adelaide. His mother was staying with her sister—then Duchess of Clarence—at Pushey Park, when Prince Edward was born in 1823, and the child became such a favourite with his Royal aunt that he was brought up in England, and proved the greatest comfort to Queen Adelaide as a widow. His boyhood was spent at Brighton with the Queen, then he went to schools at Reading and Welford, and finally to Sandhurst, whence he passed into the Army by winning a commission at the age of eighteen and joining the Grenadier Guards. Prince Edward was no play-soldier, and his chance came with the Crimean War. Appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Raglan, Prince Edward greatly distinguished himself, notably when, amidst a heavy bombardment, he crawled on his hands and knees to and from a trench to communicate with the Scots Guards. This was his only active service, but he did good work on his return home by holding various important commands. Thus he was in succession in charge of the Home District, of the Southern District at Portsmouth,

and finally became Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, where, during their five years' residence in Dublin the Prince and his wife fairly won all hearts. After leaving Ireland, in 1890, the Prince held no further public office, but Queen Victoria appointed him Field-Marshal at her Diamond Jubilee. Genial and good-hearted, the Prince was a general favourite, and his fine tall figure will be sorely missed. He was an enthusiastic sportsman and yachtsman, and it was through him that the breed of Dachshunds were first introduced into England. He married Lady Augusta Gordon-Lennox, sister of the present Duke of Richmond, who survives him. The Prince being of Royal blood, the marriage was, of course,morganatic, and for a long time his wife only bore the title of Countess Dornberg. Not many years ago, however, Queen Victoria gave the Countess the right to bear her husband's name, and she has ever since been styled Princess Edward. The Prince's death was very sudden. Last spring he had a most dangerous illness, but he had quite recovered and was in good health up to Thursday last. Then a sudden attack of pain came on, and Sir Frederick Treves was called in to perform an operation for appendicitis. This was successful, but the Prince's strength was unequal to the shock and he sank peacefully to rest on Sunday morning. He was buried on Wednesday at Chichester Cathedral, in the vault of his wife's family.



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR
From a Portrait, taken in his Robes worn on Coronation Day, by Russell and Sons, Paker Street

in this matter do not dare to be double-minded, lest the last evil overtake you and her, and your children and hers. Now I have done, and my lord Marcus, be so good as to signify your pleasure to your slave, Pearl-Maiden, and your servant, Nehushta the Libyan."

Marcus began to walk up and down the room, out of the light into the shadow, out of the shadow into the light. Presently he halted, and the two women watching saw that his face was drawn and ashen, like the face of an old man.

"My pleasure," he said vacantly—"that is a strange word on my lips to-night, is it not? Well, Nehushta, you have the best of the argument. All you say is quite true, if a little over-coloured. Of course, Miriam is quite right not to marry me if she has scruples, and, of course, I should be quite wrong to take advantage of the accident of my being able to purchase her in the slave-ring. I think that is all I have to say. Miriam, I free you, as indeed I remember I promised the Essenes that I would do. Since no one knows you belong to me, I suppose that no formal ceremony will be necessary. It is a manumission 'inter amicos,' as the lawyers say, but quite valid. As to the title to the Tyre property, I accept it in payment of the debt, but I beg that you will keep it a while on my behalf, for, at present, there might be trouble about transferring it into my name. Now, good-night. Nehushta will take you to her room, Miriam, and to-morrow you can depart whither you will. I wish



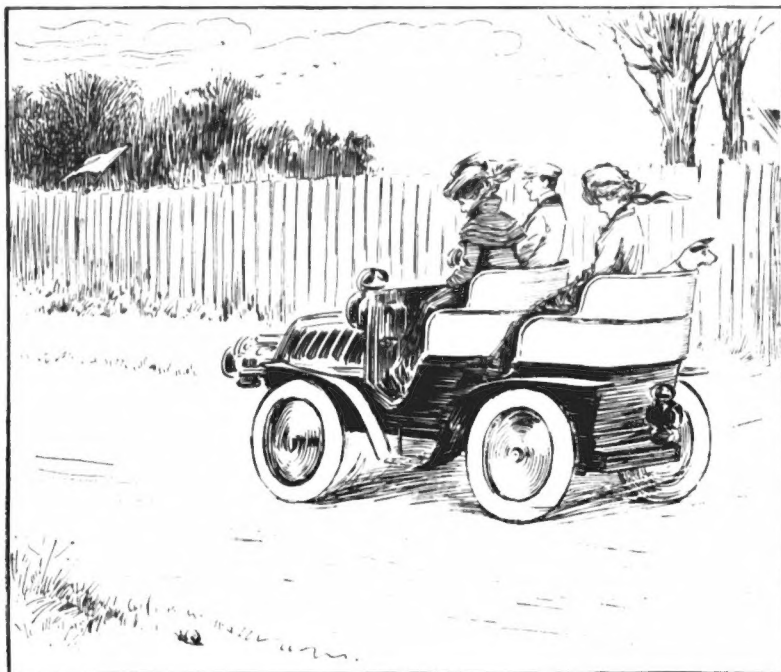
I drive cautiously and am determined to consider other people



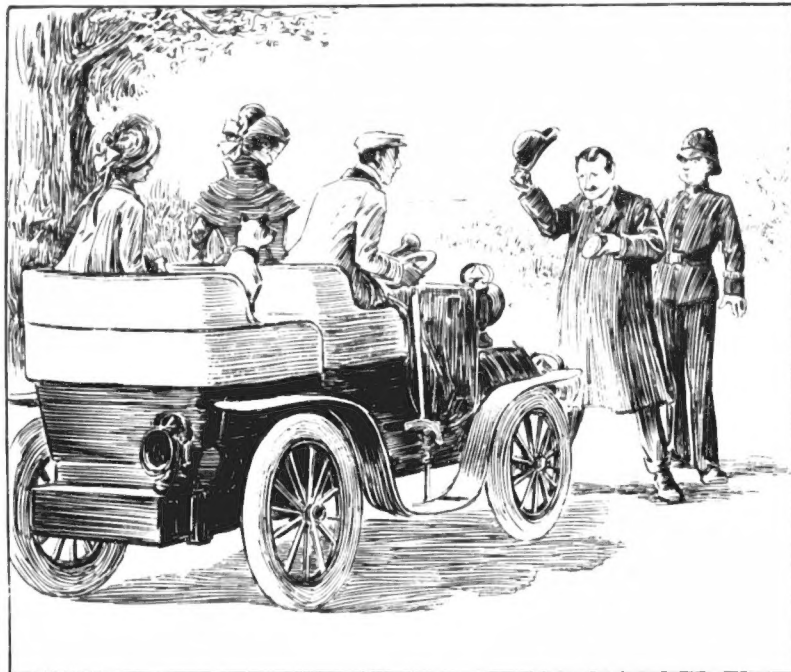
So, when passing a nervous farmer's wife, I render every assistance amidst profuse thanks from her spouse



I am passed by a brother motorist, who tells, "Measured distance ahead." Query: What does he mean?



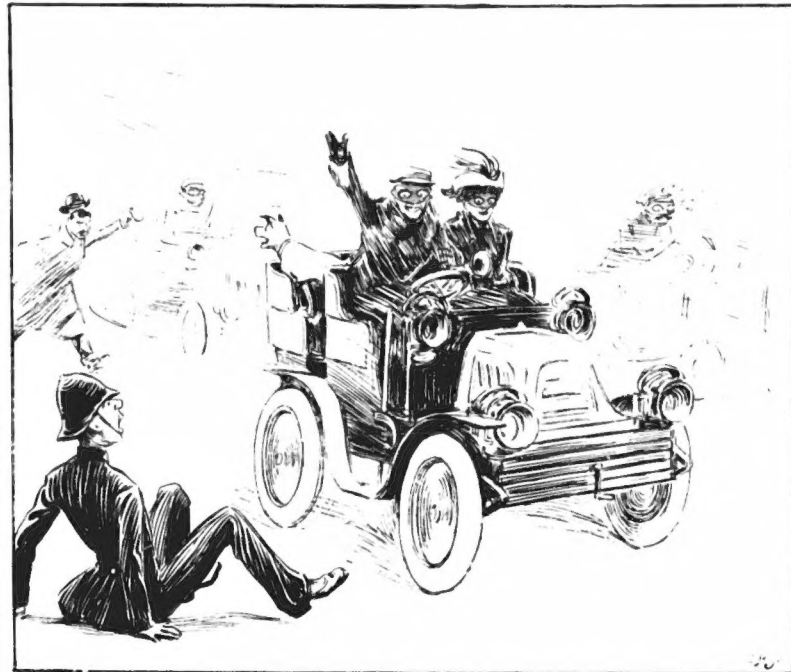
More mystery. Sailing along an empty road I perceive a white flag waved in the distance



Suddenly I am stopped by a policeman, and am confronted by an affable detective with a stop-watch



I am summoned for furious driving? Maj. (log.): "What have you to say?" I: "I was only going—." Maj.: "Pay three pounds."



Injustice drives me to seek safety for the future by adopting other tactics

A DAY ON THE RIPLEY ROAD

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD

An Artistic Caustic

BY M. H. SPILMANN.

THE announcement that loans can no longer be received at the Victoria and Albert Museum (this official title, by the way, does not seem to be readily adopted by the public) has created no little consternation in the collector and art-loving circles. The fact is, that there is more than one side to the question, of which the public has not full cognisance. In the first place, it is clear that only when there is room sufficient for the national collection can the possessions of private owners be granted hospitality for any length of time. If then collections are retained for more than a couple of months, let us say, there is clearly the reproach possible that the collectors are thinking less of benefiting the public (the *raison d'être* of the Museum) than of using it as a free safe-deposit. Of course, in the case of so vast and varied a collection as that of Mr. Salting the circumstances are different; yet the principle is the same.

It is also a fact that although the Tonnes Collection has been public property for more than two years, the Museum authorities have not been able to exhibit it to its national owners, solely owing to want of space. Another consideration is that some collectors have chosen to regard the Museum as a mere convenience, and that one of them, whose name will spring to the mind, is said to have sent down his new purchases for exhibition, with his compliments, more than once, without going through the formality of asking and obtaining leave. Patience has therefore been exhausted, and the list has gone forth.

Whatever may be the attitude between the Indian Government and the India Office in respect of the forthcoming Durbar, there is no doubt that the historic event has struck the popular imagination, and that among the army of thirty thousand sightseers, there will be a considerable number of artists. Every paper will be represented; even *Punch* is sending Mr. E. T. Reed and Mr. Raven Hill, so that India will in future take a greater position in *Punch's* pages than has heretofore been the case. Sightings, scenes, jokes, and studies of character taken on the ground and, especially, snapped at the railway stations, will offer plenty of material. But the main artistic attraction will be the great exhibition, for which several journals have made special arrangements for worthy pictorial representation, notable among them *THE GRAPHIC* and the *Magazine of Art*.

While the main body of artists, tired of waiting for the drafting and the passing of the Artistic Copyright Bill—have been holding a meeting to see how best they may protect themselves with the lame provisions of the present Act, another society, of a practical though an artistic kind, is beginning to take shape from the nebulous condition of Desire, in which it may be said to have been long begun. I refer to a Society of Sculptors—a society which should be less an exhibiting society (so that the sculptors' relations with exhibiting societies and galleries should be in no way affected) than a corporation or guild, including every sculptor of ability, so that the work produced and the conditions of its production may be regulated according to a certain standard. The idea seems to be that while it would be in no respect a trade union, it should be a body which every artist would wish to join, which would lay down for the common good (that is to say, the good of sculptors and of clients alike) the conditions on which competitions should be held, and which would maintain the dignity of the sculptor's profession. Developments will show what is likely to be the character and what the power of the new society. Sculptors have not for many years been so prosperous; for them the hour has struck.



Adam Street, Adelphi
THE RECENTLY PROPOSED SITE OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL COUNTY HALL.



"MARINELLA'S BATH"
A Snapshot in an Italian Village by Miss Jessie Roberts.

Adelphi Terrace

PUBLIC attention has lately been specially drawn to the Adelphi, on account of the discussion as to its adaptability to the purposes of the London County Council, and no part of London deserves such attention more, for few districts can compare with it in general interest. Curiously enough, it has a double set of associations—firstly, as being the site of one of the old palaces by the river side, the line of which, in the Middle Ages, stretched from London to Westminster; and secondly as a uniform piece of eighteenth century building by architects whose style has now become the fashion.

The first mention of Durham House yet registered is dated 1238, in which year a very interesting incident occurred there. Some Oxford scholars, when Otho, the Papal Legate, was staying at Osney, killed his brother and the clerk of his kitchen in an affray. Otho fled to London and took up his residence at Durham House. His wrath was great, and he placed the churches and Colleges of Oxford under interdict, but when the Bishops interceded for the University the Legate promised his pardon, if the Oxford clergy and students made full submission to him. In consequence they humbly went on foot from St. Paul's to Durham House, and Otho was reconciled.

Twenty years afterwards Henry III., who was on the Thames in his barge, took refuge here from a heavy thunderstorm. The house was then in the possession of his brother-in-law and powerful enemy, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. In the next century Richard Aungerville de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and author of "Philobiblon," the earliest essay on the love of books written by an Englishman, lived here. After sundry bishops had occupied the house, it was conveyed to Henry VIII. by Bishop Tunstall, to be again transferred to the See of Durham by Queen Mary. In the year 1553, during the residence of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland (then Lord-Lieutenant of the Bishopric of Durham), three marriages of distinguished personages took place in the chapel—viz., Lord Guilford Dudley, the Duke's son, to Lady Jane Grey; Lord Herbert to Catherine, youngest sister of Lady Jane Grey; and Lord Hastings to the Duke's youngest daughter. In Elizabeth's reign the mansion again came into the Royal possession, and among the distinguished residents were Sir Henry Sidney, who, on one occasion, asked for a licence to eat meat in Lent for "my boy Philip," for Philip Sidney was then subject to illness, his father said. Subsequently Sir Walter Raleigh occupied the house for twenty years. His study was in a little turret, from which he looked out upon the Thames. Here he had a prospect which the gossip Aubrey said, "is as pleasant, perhaps, as any in the world," and we who know the view from the windows of the houses on the Adelphi Terrace will cordially agree with him. Durham House stood on the site of the south side of John Street, and the gardens led up to the Strand, where the stables were situated. Early in the seventeenth century, the place fell on evil times, and the New Exchange was built on the site of the stables. A street was subsequently driven through the grounds, and another house built to the west of the old one. In the eighteenth century David Garrick and his brother started as wine merchants in Durham Yard. The actor was not well pleased when he was told of the sarcastic remark of his rival Foote, who said that "he remembered David when he had three quarts of vinegar in the cellar and called himself a wine merchant." Sir Godfrey Kneller was an earlier resident. By the middle of the eighteenth century, Durham House and its grounds were in a very decayed condition,

and the celebrated architect Robert Adam conceived the brilliant idea of building over the site and raising the arches to the level of the Strand. He associated his brothers John, James and William with himself, and gave the place the name of the "Adelphi," the various streets bearing the surname Adam and the christian names of the four brothers.

The cost of levelling the ground and building the arches was enormous, but the builders, being patronised by the King, hoped to let the cellars to Government for stores. The Adams came from the north of the Tweed, and there was at this time in England a great prejudice against Scotchmen. The brothers Adam came in for a large amount of obloquy, so that they did not get what they hoped for. The building was commenced in July, 1768, the ground having been taken on a ninety-nine years' lease, from Lady Day of that year, at a yearly rent of 1,200*l.* When the arches were completed, the brothers found themselves in financial difficulties, and they had no money to finish the building. In 1773 they obtained an Act of Parliament for the disposal of their property by lottery, with 4,370 tickets at 50*l.* each, making a total of 218,500*l.* Prizes to the same amount, to be paid in houses, were distributed. The lottery was a great success, and the projectors, having money in hand, were able to complete their design. The new buildings became the fashion; they exhibited the first instance in London since the time of Inigo Jones of a true architectural effect being obtained for rows of ordinary dwelling-houses. One house only—that of the Society of Arts in John Street—is of stone, the rest are of brick, with pilasters of a special composition introduced by the Adams, which has stood atmospheric influences remarkably well. The Adelphi Terrace was well planned, and it formed a very great addition to the river front. The terrace was finished before the other streets, and David Garrick was one of the first inhabitants at No. 5 (now 4). He lived here till his death in 1779, and his widow remained in the same house till her own death in 1822.

Fopham Beauclerk lived also on the Terrace, and one of the most touching passages in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" relates to the death of these two men. Johnson and Boswell were standing by the rails on the Terrace, looking on the Thames, when Boswell said to Johnson, "I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us." "Ay, sir," said Johnson tenderly, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

Many distinguished characters have been associated with the Adelphi, but for some years it has been more a home for offices and institutions than a residential quarter. Isaac D'Israeli lived here, and on one occasion his distinguished son, Lord Beaconsfield, told Lord Barrington that he was born in the Adelphi; but this was a mistake, as it is now ascertained that his birthplace was in King's Road (now Theobald's Road).

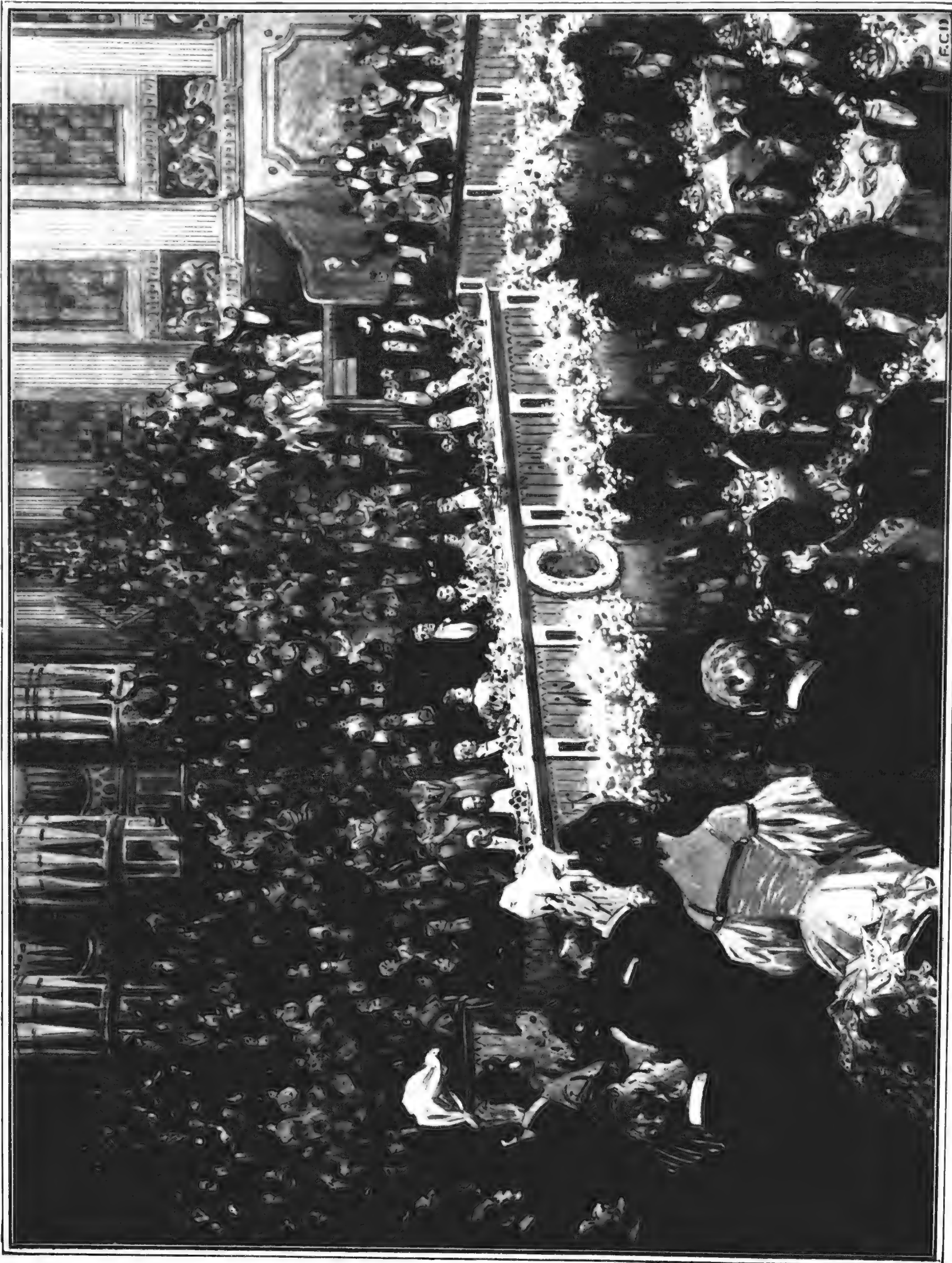
Gibbon was at the Adelphi Hotel in 1787 when he came from Lausanne to deliver the remainder of his history to the publisher. Thomas Hood was in Robert Street in 1824, and there is a letter of Charles Lamb's extant, which was written to him there. In 1844 the office of Hood's Magazine was at No. 1, Adam Street, at the east corner of the Terrace.

Unfortunately, in 1867, when the leases of the houses fell in, it was found that the Adelphi Terrace, the east end of which had been built on piles, was in a very insecure condition. The houses were underpinned, and the fronts were covered over with stucco, by which means nearly all the charm of the Adam architecture has been destroyed. Now that the Embankment Gardens stretch out between the Adelphi and the Thames it is difficult to understand that complaints were originally made of the encroachments of the buildings upon the river.

H. B. W.



Adelphi Terrace, the Home of the Savage Club
THE RECENTLY PROPOSED SITE OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL COUNTY HALL.



Mr. Chamberlain, who was accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, was on Monday night entertained at a farewell banquet in Birmingham by citizens of all parties, on the occasion of his approaching visit to South Africa. There was a very large attendance, most of the seats both at the banquet and in the places reserved for spectators having been allotted by ballot, as the

THE FAREWELL BANQUET TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

number of applications far exceeded the available space. Responding to the toast of his health, which was received with great enthusiasm, Mr. Chamberlain referred with emotion to the generous support he had always received in Birmingham. His visit to South Africa, he proceeded to say, was to be a basin so fair, and not a mere parade—a national and not a

party mission. They wanted to make South Africa an integral part of the Empire. He wanted to see representatives of every section who desired to be united. He believed he would be met halfway, and he hoped to gain the friendship of the King's new subjects.

WITH THE COLONIAL SECRETARY SPEAKING.

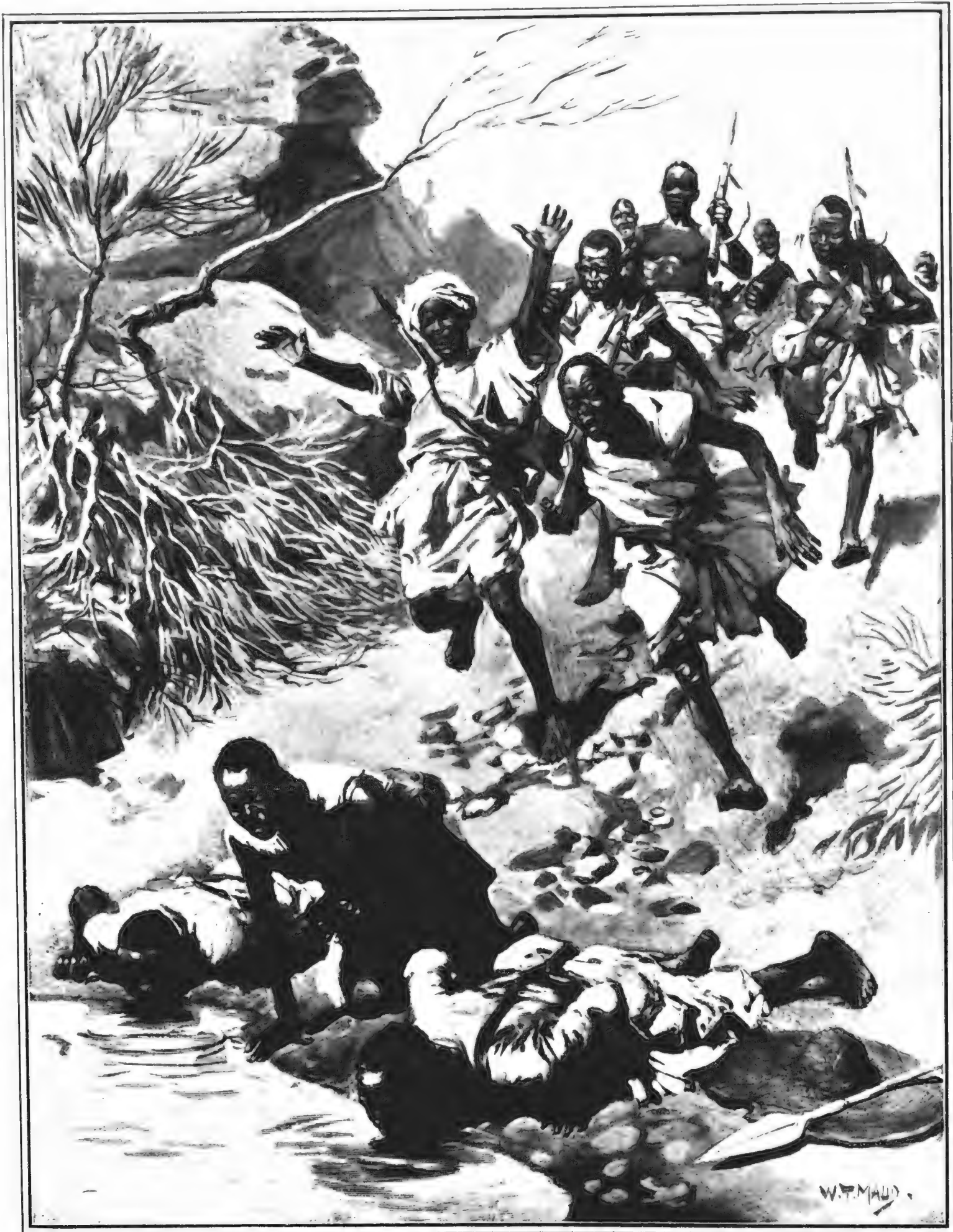


DRAWN BY FRANK DAUD, F.R.I.

After the banquet Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were escorted by 4,000 torchbearers, amid scenes of great popular enthusiasm, for a large part of their route to Highbury. Our illustration shows the Colonial Secretary leaving the Town Hall.

BIRMINGHAM'S FAREWELL TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN: THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

FROM A SKETCH BY P. J. JOHNSON



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

CAMPAIGNING IN SOMALILAND: NATIVE LEVIES MAKING A RUSH FOR WATER AFTER A LONG MARCH



THE SCULPTURE GALLERY



THE CASTLE AS SEEN FROM THE PARK

Lowther Castle

LOWTHER CASTLE, where the Earl of Lonsdale has been entertaining the German Emperor, is some six miles from Penrith, in Westmoreland. It stands in a park of more than a thousand acres in extent, and occupies a splendid position on the rising ground above the river Lowther. The castle is a large, handsome, castle-like building. On the south-west is the terrace, a charming spot which commands an extensive view across the Lowther River and Valley to the High Street range of mountains. On this terrace have met Southey, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott, Rogers, Clarkson, Wordsworth, Wilkinson and other famous men who were their contemporaries. The interior of the castle is palatial. The sculpture gallery contains some beautiful works, gathered from all parts of Europe, and has been enriched by the purchase of specimens from famous collections that have been dispersed. The picture gallery, too, contains a large number of valuable works, including several very good examples by old masters. Lowther Castle has been the ancestral home of the Lowther family since the time of Edward I. The old hall, the place of which is taken by the present Castle, was built in 1630. In 1726 it was partly destroyed by fire. The building remained in a state of partial ruin until 1808, when William, the first Earl of Lonsdale, erected the present mansion from designs by Sir Robert Smirke.

The present Earl of Lonsdale is the fifth holder of the title. He is nearly forty-six years of age, and came into the family estates about twenty years ago. He married, in 1878, Lady Grace Cecilie Gordon, daughter of the tenth Marquess of Huntly. They have no children, and the heir presumptive to the title is the Earl's brother, the Hon. Launcelet Edward Lowther. Lord Lonsdale's uncle, the Hon. William Lowther, was a well-known member of Parliament, whose son, the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P., has served as Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker in the House of Commons. The Right Hon. James Lowther, the great advocate of Protection, is also a relative of the family. The Lowthers were baronets many years before a peerage was conferred on them. Sir John Lowther, who was M.P. for Westmoreland from 1660 to 1675, was the thirtieth knight of the family almost in direct succession. He was created a baronet in 1640. His son was Vice-

Chamberlain of the Household, and was created Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale in 1696. This first Viscount was succeeded by his brother Henry, who died *sine prole*, and the peerages became extinct, and the baronetage devolved upon Sir James Lowther, a grandson of the second son of the first baronet. He was created Baron Lowther, Baron Kendal, Baron Burgh, Viscount Lowther and Earl of Lonsdale, and Baron Lowther and Viscount Lowther, with remainder to the heirs male of his cousin the Rev. Sir William Lowther, Bart. The latter succeeded to these two titles and was



LORD LONSDALE



LADY LONSDALE

THE KAISER'S HOST AND HOSTESS

created Earl of Lonsdale, 1807. He was succeeded by his eldest son William, who was Lord President of the Privy Council in 1852. He was succeeded by his nephew Henry in 1872. The third earl died in 1876, and was succeeded by his brother St. George Henry, the fourth earl, who was in his turn succeeded in 1882 by another brother, the present earl. Our photographs of Lowther Castle are by Valentine, Dundee; and the portraits of Lord and Lady Lonsdale are by Langflier, Ltd., Old Bond Street.

Paris and Her Wall

FEW English visitors to Paris ever realise the fact that the city is surrounded by a wall twenty miles in circumference, and that nothing can enter the French capital without passing through the fortifications. This wall, which is sixty feet high and is surrounded by a deep ditch, was constructed about fifty years ago at a fabulous cost. Its construction caused thousands of peasants to

flock to the capital, and when it was completed they remained in the city without employment, a source of constant anxiety to the authorities. The most curious thing is that the fortifications never had any military value. In 1863 General von Todleben, the Russian Vaulan, the constructor of the defences of Sebastopol, came on a visit to Paris. Napoleon III. was anxious to know his opinion of the newly erected *enceinte* and asked him to inspect it. The following morning the Russian general mounted his horse at one of the bastions, and, followed by two aides-de-camp of the Emperor, rode round the wall. Five hours later he was back at the starting-point, not having uttered a single word during the ride. He turned in his saddle to the aides-de-camp with the question, "Eh, bien, messieurs, c'est tout?" "Oui, mon général," was the reply. "Alors, Paris est pris d'avance," was his response, which was only too well justified by the events of 1870. In spite, however, of the lessons of the war, the wall round Paris still exists, and until 1902 no effort has been made to remove it. It has strangled the development of the city, and has served no purpose except to facilitate the collection of the taxes on all objects entering Paris. The main revenues of Paris are derived from the *Octroi*, which consists mainly of taxes on foodstuffs of every kind. This is what makes Paris one of the dearest cities in the world. It has now been decided to pull down the fortifications and give *la ville lumière* breathing room.

This will also abolish the military zone—the strip of ground, a quarter of a mile broad, which surrounded the wall, and on which no houses were allowed to be built. This was a sort of no man's land, covered with huts and wooden shanties run up by vagabonds and smugglers. The sale of the military zone will bring in hundreds of millions of francs. There is only one thing that can be laid to the credit of the wall round Paris: it rendered the Commune possible in 1871, by giving the Communards the power to close the gates and shut the Government and the army out of the city.



THE DINING-ROOM

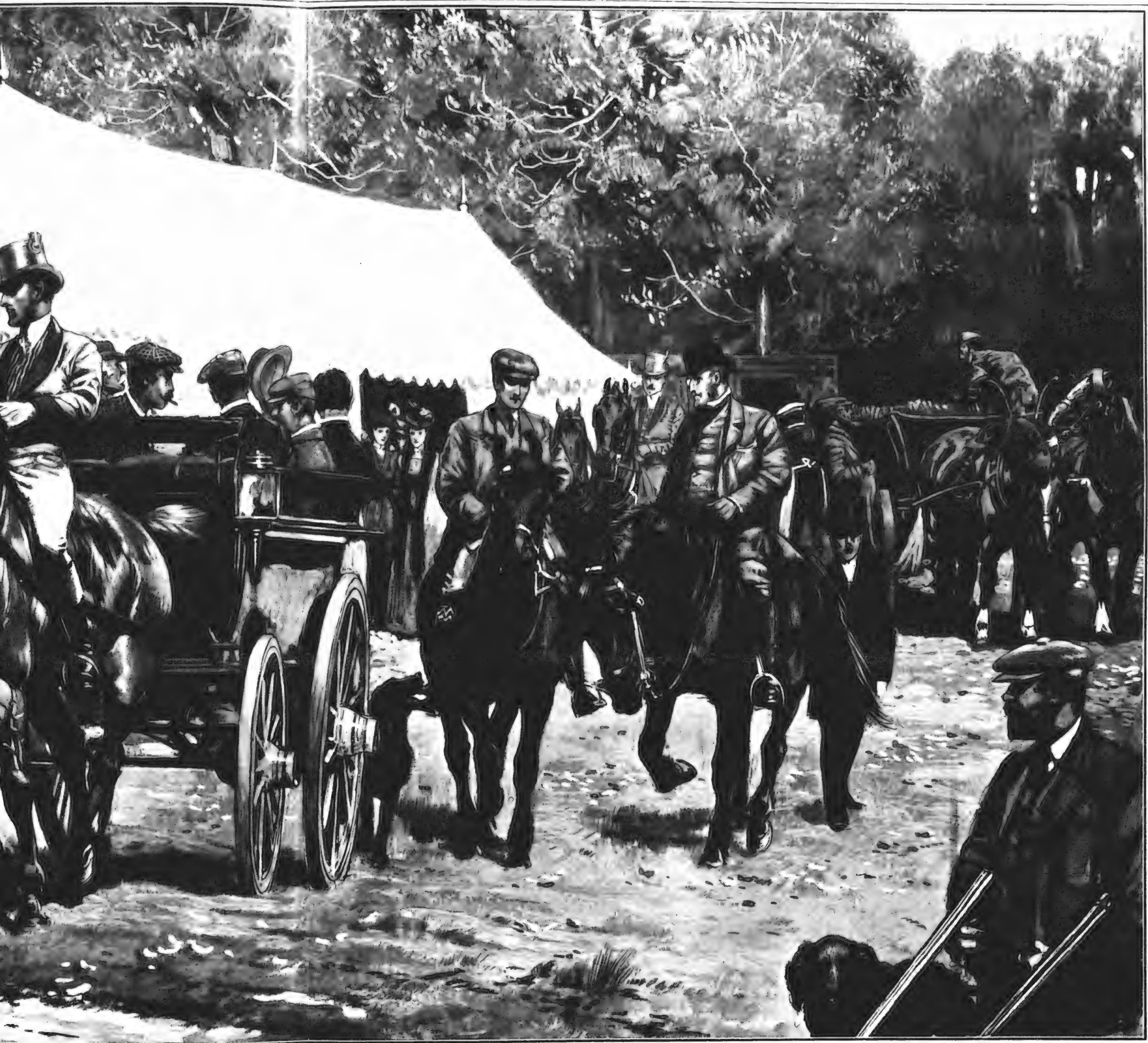


A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY

LOWTHER CASTLE, WHERE THE GERMAN EMPEROR HAS BEEN STAYING



Lowther Castle, in Westmoreland, belongs to the Earl of Lonsdale, who has been entertaining the
A SHOOTING PARTY AT LOWTHER CASTLE: GUESTS LEAVING
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



Lowther Castle, in Westmoreland, belongs to the Earl of Lonsdale, who has been entertaining the German Emperor this week

ING PARTY AT LOWTHER CASTLE: GUESTS LEAVING THE LUNCHEON TENT

DRAWN BY JOEL CHARLTON

The King of Portugal

The visit of King Carlos to this country has attracted much attention. The King is a keen sportsman and a capital shot, and at the same time a linguist of no mean ability. King Carlos was educated at Oporto, by Portuguese professors, and, after his education was completed, he travelled throughout Europe. In 1886 he married the Princess Amélie, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. Before the honeymoon was over



HIS MAJESTY KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL, WHO IS ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY
From a Photograph by Langley, Old Bond Street

Dom Carlos was called to the throne by his appointment as regent during the temporary absence of his father, who was then recovering from illness. He accepted the post well, and the people were delighted to see the young Prince, who was very popular, was also likely to prove a good ruler. In 1887, there were great rejoicings on the birth of the young couple's first child, the present Duke of Braganza. In November, 1889, King Luis died. In January, 1890, King Carlos and Queen Amélie were crowned in Lisbon, the event being the occasion of a magnificent pageant. Portugal is fortunate in her Royal Family. Ever since members of the House of Braganza have reigned, the country has been powerful in Europe, was placed on the throne by the revolution of 1848, the Royal Family has been regarded by the Portuguese in the highest respects of the people. Of the sovereigns who have reigned in Portugal in living memory, all have been beloved, and the names of the members of the House have attached strongly to the people. For the past few hundred years the Braganza Family, Dom Pedro, the present King's grandfather, married in 1850 Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who died a year later. In 1861 Portugal was visited by an epidemic of malarial fever. Dom Pedro himself was visiting all the unhealed districts, and returned to Lisbon to find his brother Fernando and Augusto stricken with the malady. Fernando died; Augusto recovered, but hardly was he out of danger than Dom Pedro failed with the disease and died within four days. Another brother, Dom Joao, died six weeks later. King Carlos rarely leaves Portugal, but he has paid several visits to England, and in November, 1905, he stayed at Sandringham.



The annual autumn manoeuvres of the Public School Volunteers were held in the neighbourhood of Cauderley, when nineteen schools were represented. The operations were under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel E. Fleming R.A. The proceedings consisted of a sham fight between a Northern or red force and a Southern or grey force, each over 1,000 strong. Our illustration (from a photograph by A. H. Fry) shows the lads at lunch at Barrosa Farm.
A PUBLIC SCHOOLS' FIELD DAY: AN INTERVAL FOR LUNCH

THE KAISER'S VISIT TO THE KING



FRONT ROW left to right—Lady Dudley, Lady Ormonde, Lady C. Butler, Lady Londonderry, Lady Lansdowne, the Hon. Lady Musgrave, Princess Victoria, Miss Knollys, Prince Albert, Princess Charles of Denmark, Prince Edward, Lady Suffolk, Lord Clarendon. BACK ROW—Immediately behind Lady Dudley is Lord Ormonde, and behind Lady Ormonde is Lord Lansdowne. The others, reading from left to right, are:—Lord Knollys, Sir Donald Wallace, Lord Londonderry, Count Plessen, Count Metternich, Prince Charles of Denmark, The King, Sir F. Lascelles, The Prince of Wales, Colonel Davidson, the German Emperor, Lord Churchill, Sir D. Probyn, Captain Campbell, Colonel Legge, Chevalier de Martino, Lord Crichton, Mr. Hansell, Lord Farquhar, and Sir Stanley Clarke.

THE KING'S GUESTS: THE HOUSE-PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM



The King The Kaiser The Queen The Prince of Wales Princess Victoria
Princess Victoria Prince Henry Prince Albert Prince Edward

A GROUP OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT SANDRINGHAM

From Photographs by Lafayette, New Bond Street



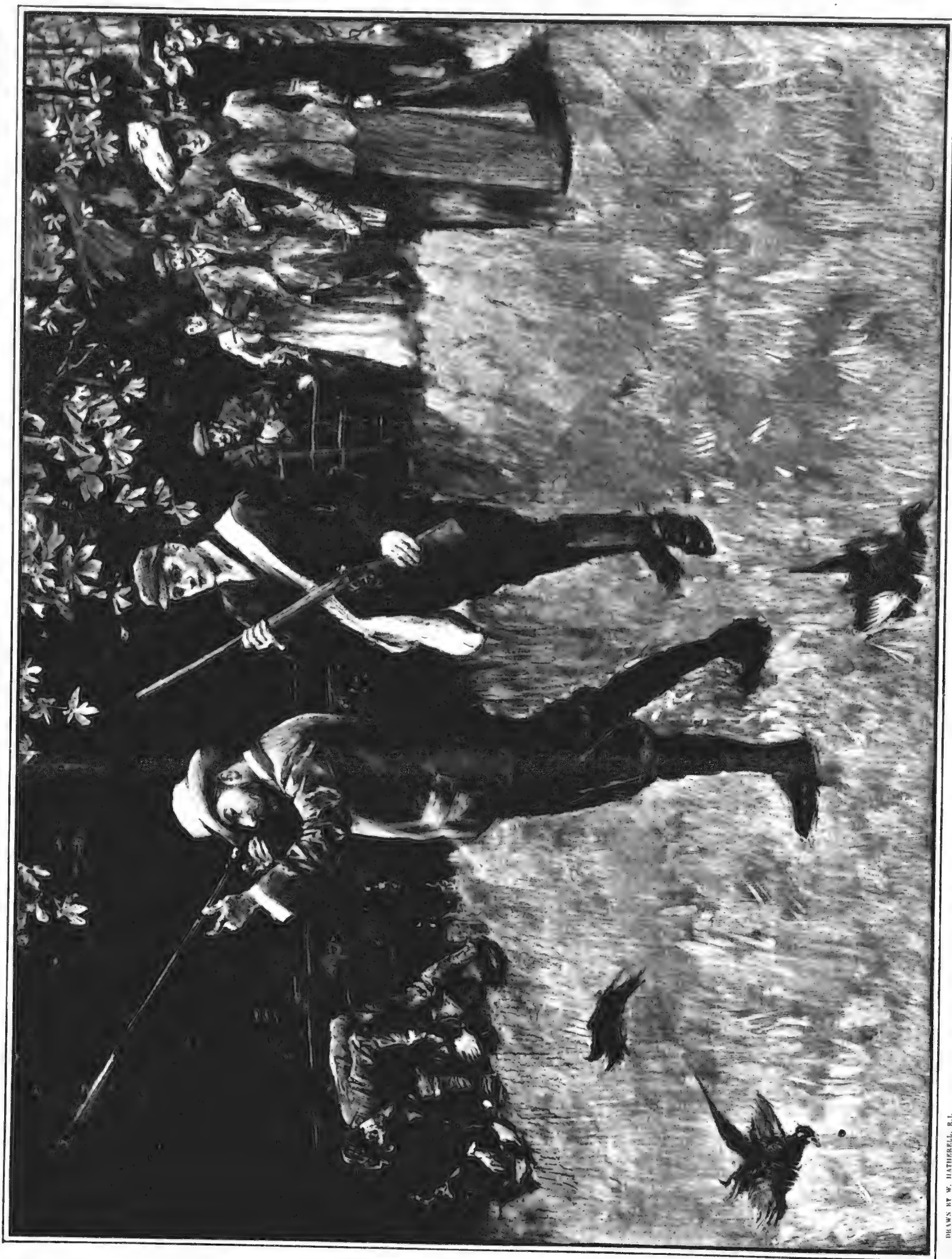
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

A SHOOTING PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM: THE KING AND HIS GUEST, THE GERMAN EMPEROR



FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK GILLET

SANDRINGHAM: THE KING AND HIS GUEST, THE GERMAN EMPEROR, IN THE HORSESHOE DRIVE



A DAY WITH THE GUNS: THE PRINCE OF WALES MAKING A GOOD BAG
THE ROYAL PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM

FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK CHILLET

DRAWN BY W. HATHRELL, R.I.

The Christmas Books

PERILS IN MANY LANDS

SEEKING glory at the cannon's mouth is generally the ambition of Mr. G. A. Henty's heroes, but, for once, in "The Treasure of the Incas" (Blackie) he inspires them with a less lofty aim—the search for riches. They go a-hunting in the wilds of Peru for some of the vast wealth which the Incas hid away from the conquering Spaniards, and duly find it in spite of Indians, brigands, wild animals, native superstition and the like sensational obstacles. The idea of the hidden "Castle of the Demons" is most ingeniously worked out, and altogether this is quite one of the most exciting and attractive stories which the author has produced of late. Another of his popular books, "The Lion of St. Mark" (Blackie), appears in a fresh edition—very *à propos* at a time when Venetian history has been forcibly brought to memory by the fall of the Campanile. More treasure-hunting again in "The Diamond Seekers" (Blackie), with South Africa for scene and rascally Boers for antagonists. Mr. Ernest Glanville tells a stirring tale with much zest, his Colonial lad with his scouting talent being especially good. The same happy knack of observation made the lucky career of Mr. John Finnemore's hero in "The Story of a Scout" (Pearson), which harks back to the days of the Peninsular War. How the English lad played his part as a Spanish peasant and rendered good secret service to the Iron Duke and our Army forms a story well worth reading, if a little over-lengthy. Passing from land to sea here is Dr. Gordon Stables supplying yet one more description of a voyage amid Polar ice. "In the Great White Land" (Blackie), written in that bright, breezy style which has won him so many readers. More fortunate than the Antarctic Expeditions of real life, his sailors make a record trip to the South Pole, and people it with an amusing quartette of bears brought from the Far North. Two chapters of history come amongst the books of adventure, and hold their own in point of romance. Bonnie Prince Charlie looks out of the pages of "A Hero of the Highlands" (Nelson), where Miss Evelyn Everett-Green paints a most flattering portrait of the Young Pretender during his brief triumph in Scotland till his hopes were quenched on the field of Culloden. The brave Flora Macdonald and a host of familiar characters are brought on the scene with much success. Another hapless British Prince struggling for the Crown appears in "For the Red Rose" (Blackie). Edward of Lancaster, while his brave mother, Margaret of Anjou, was raising his standard. Miss Eliza Pollard describes the pathetic episode very charmingly, interweaving it with the story of a bewitching gipsy maid and her tribe. The mystery which Mr. Fred Whishaw unveils in "A Secret of Berry Pomeroy" (Griffith Farran) is picturesquely set amidst Devonshire scenery and flavoured with a little love element, while amongst the group for boys one practical story stands out as a distinct contrast. "Grit will Tell" (Blackie), by R. Stead, gives the biography of a sturdy English lad of the humbler class, whose childish experiences were very much those of real life, and who worked his way to the top of the ladder of

success. A thoroughly wholesome and attractive book for working lads. A final word for yet one more addition to Mr. Alfred Miles's collection of good rousing brief sketches, "Fifty-two Stories of the Brave and True for Boys" (Hutchinson). It is wonderful how Mr. Miles keeps up the level of these selections year by year.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

The question may be fairly asked whether the humorous picture-books of the present day are not more likely to amuse the elders than the children, as the humour often requires rather an advanced understanding. For instance, the highly original "Old Nursery Rhymes, Dug Up at the Pyramids" (Dean), where Mr. Stanley



THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

From "The Social Ladder," By C. Dana Gibson. (Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Lane and Mr. James Henderson)

Adamson presents the familiar nursery characters in Egyptian garb, and Mr. Oliver Booth supplies some additional verses, both are admirably done. Mr. Adamson has a keen sense of the comic, and his drawings are as laughable as artistic, with every tiny detail so cleverly carried out. Plenty of fun, too, in "Yule's Book I." (Simpkin Marshall), merry outline drawings of birds and beasts in quaint attire, accompanied by bright verses. "Dolly's Society Book" (Grant Richards) gives a shadowy reminder of the Dutch dolls accompanying the Golliwogg, for Frank Hart pictures the doings of the London season and Society in general, as copied in the doll-world and very well he does it.

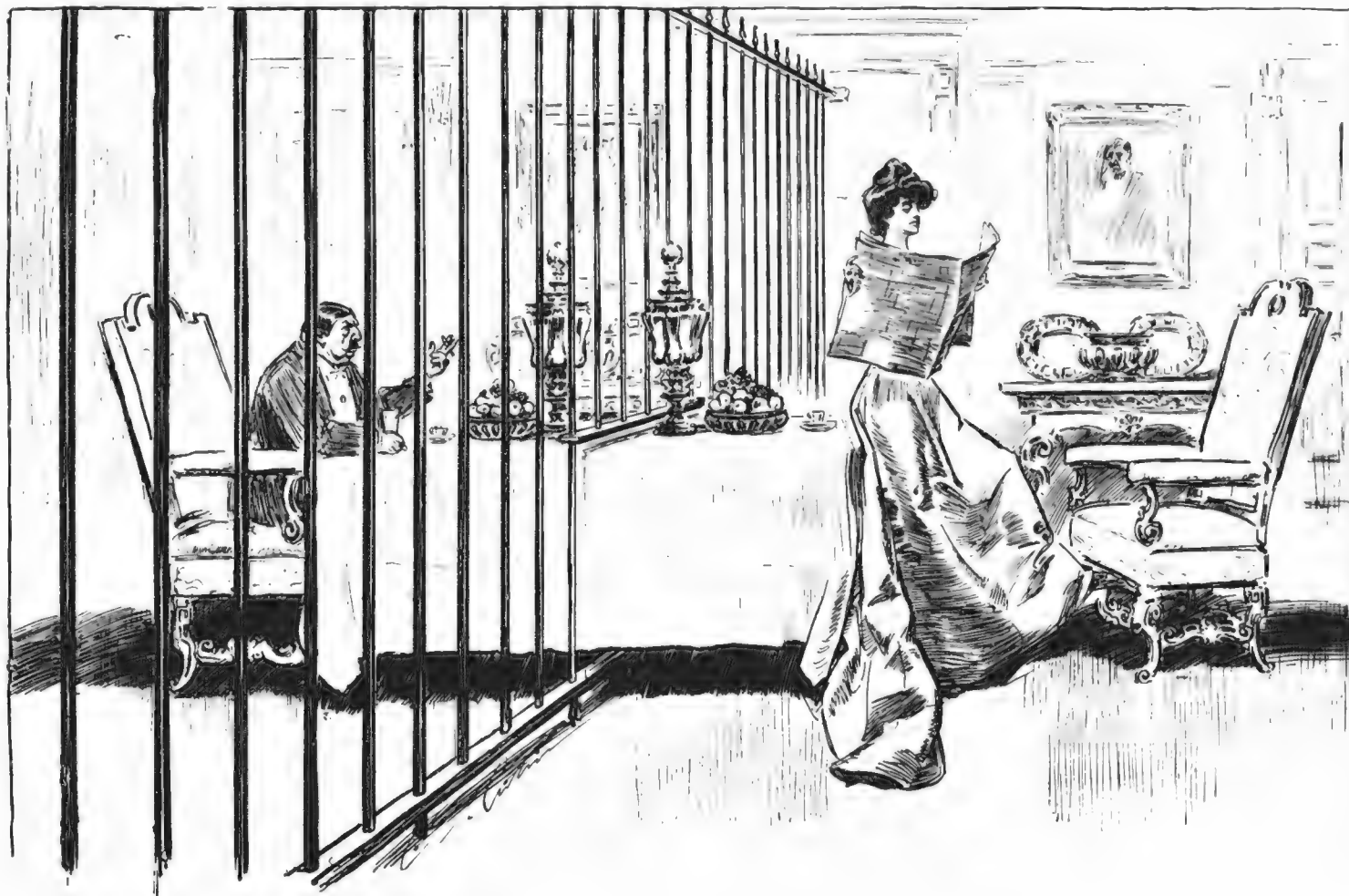
The animal creation, however, is the favourite subject, like "Tizzy Folk" (Grant Richards), delightful pictures, by G. H. E., of adventures among the frog family, or "Two Merry Mariners" (Blackie), where a small boy and a cute rabbit sail to Goose-land and rescue its denizens from the Fox Ogre. Mr. Stewart Orr's pictures and Mr. John Brymer's verses are equally good and full of go. A little instruction as well as amusement may be gathered from "Kids of Many Colours" (Pearson), for Grace Duffie Boylan and Ike Morgan depict with pen and pencil the boys and girls of all nations in their habit as they live, the Lapp baby in its furs, the little Jap enjoying the Feast of Dolls, the Hawaiian swimming to school, Dutch Hans stopping up the dyke, the Scotch boy playing golf, and so forth. The child who gets this capital book as a Christmas present has a prize indeed. Very amusing too is "The Japanese Dumpy Book" (Grant Richards), wherein Yoshio Markino points a moral by illustrating the results of jealousy opposed to generosity in the Land of the Rising Sun. A brace of somewhat similar wee volumes are due to the merry pencil of Gerald Siebel. "The Oogley Oo" (Swan Sonnenschein), a queer monster whose career is related by S. C. Woodhouse, and "India-Rubber Jack" (Swan Sonnenschein), a white baby turned black by a diet of india-rubber tree juice and whose quaint companionship with a tortoise proves most laughable as described by W. C. F. Richardson.

"THE SOCIAL LADDER"

The two illustrations which we here reprint are from Mr. C. Dana Gibson's new portfolio of sketches published in England by Mr. John Lane. The volume contains eighty large cartoons descriptive of the various rungs of the American social ladder, and introduces us once more not merely to the stately, superb creature who is now known everywhere as the Gibson girl, but to a host of less attractive aspirants to social fame. Snobs, millionaires, geniuses, and stalwart young men are all passed in review, but no other of Mr. Gibson's creations, clear though they may be, remain impressed on one's memory like the beautiful statuesque maidens, who put even the daughters of England into the shade.

IN FAIRYLAND

Hitherto the pictures have been the main attraction, now the story has its turn, aided by illustrations. Wonderful and fearful were the experiences which "The Admiral and I" (Ward Lock) underwent in a remarkable tin gunboat where three human beings were turned for the nonce into tin soldiers. Whether the Admiral and his crew went below the sea to Davy Jones and the mermaids, or stayed on land amidst the witches and the giants, they had a remarkably exciting time, made acquaintance with gruesome creatures, rescued captive princes and princesses, and raised their readers' interest to fever point. E. A. Mason's drawings well fit the text. Still funnier is "Five Children and It" (Fisher Unwin), by E. Nesbit, who has the gift of portraying delightful children in mischief. "It" proves to be an antediluvian Sand Fairy or Psammead, with the miraculous power of granting



A SUGGESTION FOR ILL-ASSORTED PAIRS

From "The Social Ladder," By C. Dana Gibson. (Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Lane and Mr. James Henderson)

a wish a day, and whether that power brought happiness or the reverse to the children who encountered "It," young folk had better find out for themselves from these entertaining pages. The Psammod as pictured by H. R. Millar is a quaint beastie indeed.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

QUEEN ALEXANDRA was born on December 1, 1844. The anniversary of her birthday, therefore, occurs in a little over a week. It is hoped that the opportunity may be taken to confer distinctions upon some of those women whose names are associated with philanthropic work. A "Queen's Birthday Honours List"—as suggested—would be a new but a graceful departure, more especially were those who figured in it women. There are many ladies—Miss Nightingale for one—whose successful efforts to relieve pain, or to improve the condition of the poor, deserve to be officially rewarded fully as much as do the labours of naval, military, and civil servants of the Crown.

The Submarine Yacht Club does not exist yet, but it will soon. An enterprising millionaire has placed an order with a firm of ship-builders for a submarine yacht, and it is to be expected that other rich men will presently follow the example. In time a submarine yacht may become a real luxury, for such a vessel is capable of great improvement. Means will, of course, soon be discovered of supplying these ships with amply sufficient air; they will attain a high rate of speed; and by inserting panels of tough glass in the sides—portholes as it were—the study of submarine life will be possible in most favourable circumstances.

The work at the Colonial Office has been increasing annually for several years past, and soon neither the building nor the staff will be sufficiently large. It is generally supposed, by those who know the opinion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain with regard to this matter, that, after his return from South Africa, he will submit to the Government a proposal for the creation of a South Africa Office, with a Minister for the South African Department. Thousands and even hundreds of thousands of emigrants will, within the next few years, find their way to South Africa, and the work from that Continent which the authorities at home will have to deal with will, of course, increase enormously. Indeed, almost all the great Departments of State will have to be enlarged and their staffs increased, for during the past twenty years the developments in every direction have seriously added to their work.



On Saturday, as King Leopold and the members of the Royal Family were returning from a service at St. Gudule, Brussels, in memory of the late Queen, and of Queen Louise Marie, wife of King Leopold I., an Italian Anarchist named Gennaro Rubino, fired three revolver shots at one of the carriages in the cortege. Usually King Leopold rides in the third carriage of the procession, but for once he was in the first carriage, and so actually knew nothing of the outrage till he was safely back in the Palace. Expecting the King to be in his usual place, Rubino fired at the third carriage—occupied by members of the Household—but happily did no worse than shatter glass and alarm the occupants. The crowd fell on the would-be assassin, and nearly lynched him before the police could get hold of the man and take him to the station. There he stated that he had come from London, where he had been subsidised by one of the Embassies to watch the Anarchists. As, however, he played a double game and gave the Anarchists information, he was dismissed, and went to Brussels in search of work. Failing this he decided to strike a blow for the Anarchist cause, and watched his opportunity to kill King Leopold.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

DRAWN BY G. DITILLKUN



The King of Portugal arrived at Dover on Monday afternoon, and travelled thence to Windsor, where King Edward and Prince Christian were at the station awaiting him. When King Carlos alighted from his train, the two Sovereigns exchanged hearty greetings, saluting each other on both cheeks. Before leaving the station King Edward presented the Mayor of Windsor to the King of Portugal.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR: KING EDWARD WELCOMING HIS GUEST AT THE STATION

DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD

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Life-Saving at Sea: A Non-Capsizable Boat

SOME experiments of great interest and importance in connection with life-saving at sea were lately witnessed at Dover with an ingenious apparatus, the tests being made in the presence of a number of marine experts. The apparatus is a small globular-shaped vessel, the invention of Captain Donvig, a Norwegian. The experiments were highly successful. Although the vessel is only eight feet in diameter, twenty persons were seated round it inside, the means for obtaining air, even when sealed down, being very ingenious and practical. The craft can carry thirty cans provisions, and has a flat double bottom inside, divided into two tanks, which contain fresh water. This water acts as ballast, and as it is consumed it can be replaced by sea water by means of a pump. It is entered by two water-tight manholes, and, owing to its construction, cannot be drawn down by a sinking ship, as is the case with boats, and is absolutely non-capsizable. One of these craft would occupy sixty-four feet of deck space as compared with 142 feet requisite for an ordinary ship's lifeboat. The experts were much pleased with the results of the experiments. It is intended to further test the life-saving craft on the Goodwin Sands during the next gale.

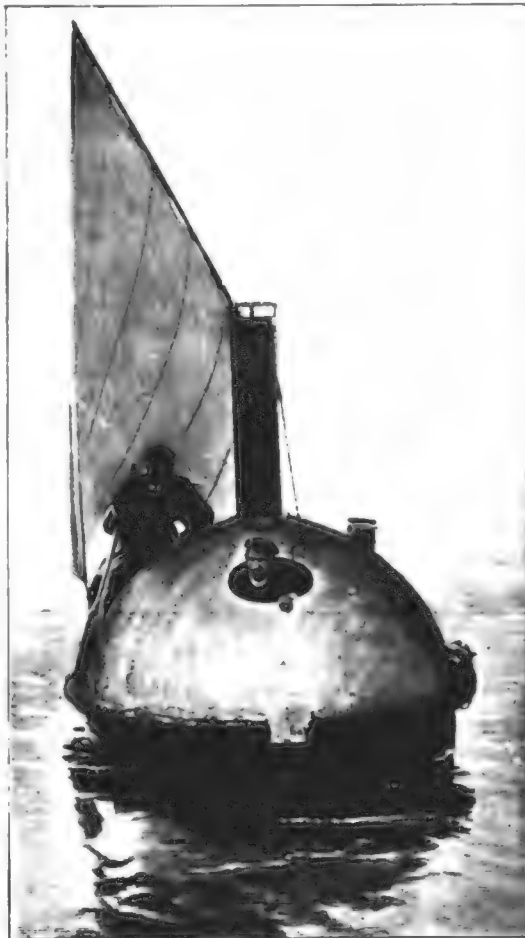
Our Bookshelf

"TWO ON THEIR TRAVELS"

"TWO ON THEIR TRAVELS" is a brightly written account of a singularly venturesome honeymoon trip to Singapore, the Philippine Islands, the Sulu Archipelago, North Borneo, the Korea, Japan, and back to London via Vladivostok and the Trans-Siberian Railway. The authoress, in a neat preface, explains that her chief object in writing this account of hers was to amuse, and she has succeeded in her laudable attempt to a quite surprising extent, considering that she was hardly enough to start with such a very serious purpose. She ventures to quote Robert Louis Stevenson's remark that nobody really cares about descriptions of scenery, and though she contests this statement, happily for her readers she is guided by it, even though unconsciously, and her book is much more an account of personal feelings in strange circumstances, and amusing observations on the manners and customs of persons of alien nationality (American tourists included) than a dictionary of adjectives applied to natural phenomena. Very characteristic, for example, is the authoress's description of a *dame d'une certaine age*, an American "christened Belinda and called Banks, who was neither young nor a matron, but had a way of emphasising her virginity by wearing white muslin and baby ribbon which added years to her age—who prided herself upon a deep insight into Nature, for which reason she could never let Nature alone, but had to go on talking about it all the time—My! What a perfectly adorable shade of green," etc., etc. She had a fat book, into which she faithfully copied all her observations, and she read them aloud in a whisper to a thin young man whom she had annexed as her particular property. . . . In her little coqueries of dress, her constant smiles and oppressive

"Two on Their Travels." By Ethel Colquhoun. (Heinemann)

cheerfulness, it was almost impossible not to feel that she was consciously striving to make up for the homely features bestowed on her by Nature, and to assume the place in people's estimation which is reserved for the young and attractive. One could imagine her saying to herself: "Belinda, dear, you are not pretty, but you are bright and brainy; men like women to be bright and brainy." Altogether, when the authoress is writing of men and women she is at her best, and the most amusing chapters of her book are her descriptions of the Americans and the sea captains she came across in her travels. The book is illustrated with many sketches in black



A NON-CAPSIZABLE BOAT

and white and in colour, which add greatly to its interest, not because they are remarkably good so much as because they are, like the book, entirely unaffected and unconstrained.

"ROCHESTER AND OTHER LITERARY RAKES OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II."

Not as fascinating as its title, which promises so much, still "Rochester" is a fairly interesting, if too discursive and meandering, chat about a much neglected though singularly rich period. It is as yet only given to the few, the very few, to realise how much the British nation owes to the Stuarts, for teaching it appreciation of beauty in all forms—literary and artistic, in the widest sense of the last misused term. To the fostering care of both Charles I. and Charles II. we owe some of our best pictures, our finest architecture, and our most beautiful furniture. It is easy to condemn luxury; but luxury, with taste, produces art, and art has done and has yet to do much for the world; therefore must one look kindly and with due appreciation of the debt we owe him on all chronicles of the Court of Charles II. The author of "Rochester" is perhaps a thought too scrupulous in keeping to his title, and, in writing of the Rakes, gives us nothing but the stories—the amazing stories—of their mad pranks. These are vastly instructive in throwing light upon the difference between our time and theirs, but, perhaps, hardly give a fair view of the men about whom they are told, if one omits to realise that the stories of their good deeds, being less astonishing, have gone unchronicled. True, of Rochester and of the King, he relates that they made pious ends, repenting and expressing their sorrow for their misdoings, which is interesting, as it, to some extent, does away with the argument that people living in those times had not the same standard of behaviour as we have, for, surely, if they believed they were doing no worse than any other gentlemen of the time, there was no occasion for repentance for conforming to the accepted standard of conduct.

"THE GREAT BOER WAR"

Sixteen editions have already appeared of Sir A. Conan Doyle's concise epitome of the Boer War. The volume now before us is the finally revised version corrected in accordance with the latest knowledge, and completing the story so far as it is possible to complete it until the story of the bitter struggle recedes into perspective and can be viewed dispassionately in its right proportion to the history which is now being made so fast in different parts of the globe. To a certain extent the author holds a brief for the Government, but one can feel throughout the book that he has studiously endeavoured to be fair. His sympathies are sufficient to prevent his work being colourless, but are not allowed to warp his judgment; and when one reflects how brief a time has elapsed since the close of the war, it seems remarkable that we should already be in possession of so well-digested a *resumé*: a book on an altogether different plane to the volumes of journalistic impressions which have been poured into the lap of the public by everyone who sniffed powder, or perhaps only came within telegraphing distance of a battlefield. The book has another merit, in that it is thoroughly interesting, and so it may very safely be commended.

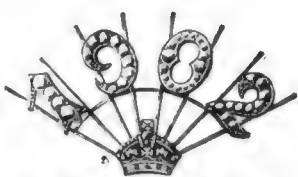
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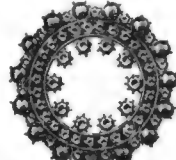
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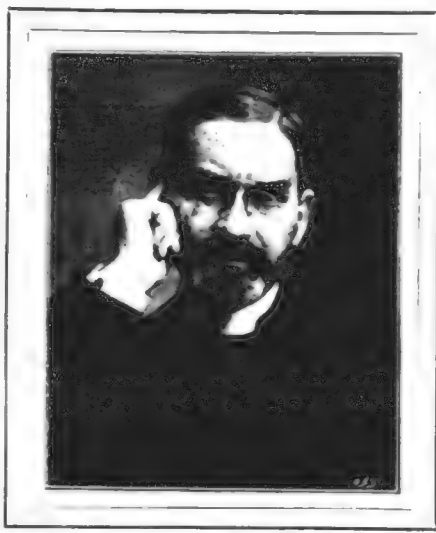
"LOMBARD STUDIES"

A book for which we have nothing but praise is "Lombard Studies," by Countess Marinengo Cesaresco. After the short, happy sentences, which seem to be the fashion of the day in literature, the writer's correct though easy and flowing style is singularly refreshing. The subjects of which she writes are pre-eminently poetic, as is her treatment of them. The volume opens with a chapter on "Benacus, the Poet's Lake," the Lake of Garda, immortalised by Virgil, Catullus, Goethe and other writers of fame. Next we have the "Memorial of a Lombard House"—the House of Marinengo, a family which has produced men and women who have been poets, professors, soldiers, writers, etc. The writer tells us the true version of the tragic history of Antonio Varnaziani, a history from which Webster the dramatist was one of the greatest, about the greatest, of his plays—*The Count of Guercione*, *Crani*, *Luca di Bracciano*, with the story of *Vittoria Corombina*, the famous Venetian who is now daily floating into, as far as he is concerned, the world. As Countess Marinengo says—"The last two were not men, for she was neither Venetian nor a courtesan." It is a treat of different districts and towns of Lombardy.



It was reported last week that the Governor of Tetuan, in Morocco, having refused to release some Moorish prisoners the Bender Kabyles had declared themselves in open rebellion and had an encounter with the inhabitants of Tetuan in which the latter were worsted. The Spanish Governor General of Ceuta immediately despatched two Spanish vessels to the scene of disturbance, and three British cruisers sailed from Gibraltar for the same destination, only to return the following day, the trouble being reported to be practically over. The Moorish troops, with two guns, having attacked the rebellious tribesmen and defeated them. The Moors are greatly incensed against the Kabyles, whom they accuse of having given an excuse for foreign intervention, and an expedition has set out from Fez with the object of punishing the rebels. Trouble has also been caused in the neighbourhood of Fez by the appearance of a "Mahdi," who with his followers surprised the camp of the Moorish army sent against him, and was defeated with some difficulty. The Mahdi has fled to the mountains, and a number of his adherents have been executed.

SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE AREA OF DISTURBANCE IN MOROCCO.
"Lombard Studies." By Countess Marinengo Cesaresco. (Fisher Unwin.)



The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the eminent Wesleyan minister, died suddenly of Malaria from apoplexy. Mr. Hugh Price Hughes was the son of Mr. J. Hughes, a surgeon, and was born at Garthwaite in 1847. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Wesleyan Methodist ministry, and it was not long before he became the leading exponent of what was known as the Forward Movement in Methodism. The highest honour which it is the power of the Wesleyan denomination to bestow came to Mr. Hughes in 1905, when he was elected to the position of President of that denomination for the ensuing twelve months, and he signalled his term of office by a series of presidential visits to many parts of the country, and a policy of extending his hearty support to the Union of the Methodist Church of England with Mr. R. W. Perks M.P., he may be said to have been the principal promoter. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE LATE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES

the unfortunate Francesca is recalled, and which contains a portrait of "The Real Francesca." There are some delightful pages on "Lombard Agriculture" and also on "Arthur Young's Italian Journey." The book is one that will bear reading more than once, and contains a number of excellent illustrations.

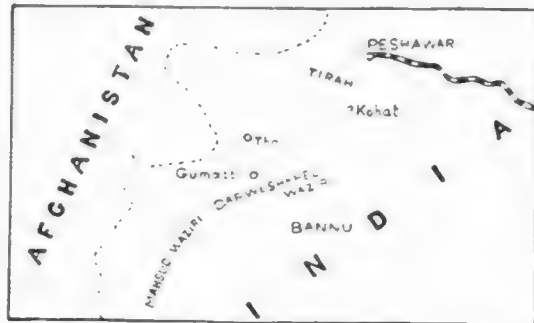
"FELIX"

Mr. Hichens's new novel (Methuen and Co.) will assuredly not add to the gaiety of nations. Its scheme is to expose the hold which—if we are to accept his testimony—the abuse of morphia has taken upon the modern woman. His leading lady, Mrs. Ismay, is a slave to the habit, with all its consequent demoralisation; her friend, Lady Caroline Hurst, "never exceeds," but injects regularly and with method, recommending it to all "modern women without professions and without beliefs" as the one thing that "makes life possible." Both are intended for types; and, whatsoever else may be thought of the picture, its realism compels conviction. The ghastly climax reaches its highest point in the description of the house of a Parisian *morphineuse*—a professional injector whose

clients are of the *grand* as well as of the *demi monde*, or of no *monde* at all. For this account Mr. Hichens acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Henri Gumbail, of Ivry-sur-Seine. For himself is a young gentleman with means for the indulgence of a vein of originality, who, by the oddest of accidents, is led to saturate himself with the writings of Balzac, and re-enters the world in order to watch the "Comédie Humaine" in actual operation. That the result fails to be disastrous to himself is due partly to his finding things even more *à la Balzac* than he had expected. The cleverness of the novel is undeniable, and should raise its reputation in all respects, save that of giving pleasure, higher by many degrees.

"THE NEW EAST OF ROME"

There is nothing in the new work of Marjorie St. John (William Heinemann) much less striking than its predecessor, especially that, "The East of Cockayne," and therefore less notable by its title, though in English version. The translation is, however, a very restrained, from the possible excess of romanticism, the style of the original, so glowing with colour and colour. The story is the story—as tragic as it is romantic—of a man with a great future, whose career is wrecked by his passion for a woman who knows not how to love. Thus already framework for many a memorable picture of life and human life, the opening of the Chamber of Deputies; a ball; a carnival scene; the festival of the Pantheon at the King's funeral; a ball at the Grand Hotel; and several more. All these are vividly and fully described, and make the novel worth reading, independently of its story, a valuable study.



Another Indian frontier expedition has been sent to the Waziri region, a series of raids made during the last two years, culminated in the transit of the border tract between Bannu and Thal, and four thousand soldiers, each about 600 strong, controlled by General Dyer, were despatched this week to co-operate with the British troops. The four columns are commanded respectively by Colonel H. M. Dyer, Colonel J. Pollock, Colonel O. Radford, and Colonel V. Tomlinson. General Dyer, who accompanies Colonel Pollock, knows the district well and took part in the Waziri expedition of 1894-95. The latest news to hand states that the enemy are offering a determined opposition and that Colonel Tomlinson, commanding the 4th column, has been badly wounded. Major Beresford, who is with the 4th column, has asked for reinforcements and the Political Officer at Gumatti has promised to send all troops available.

SKETCH MAP OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF THE WAZIRI EXPEDITION

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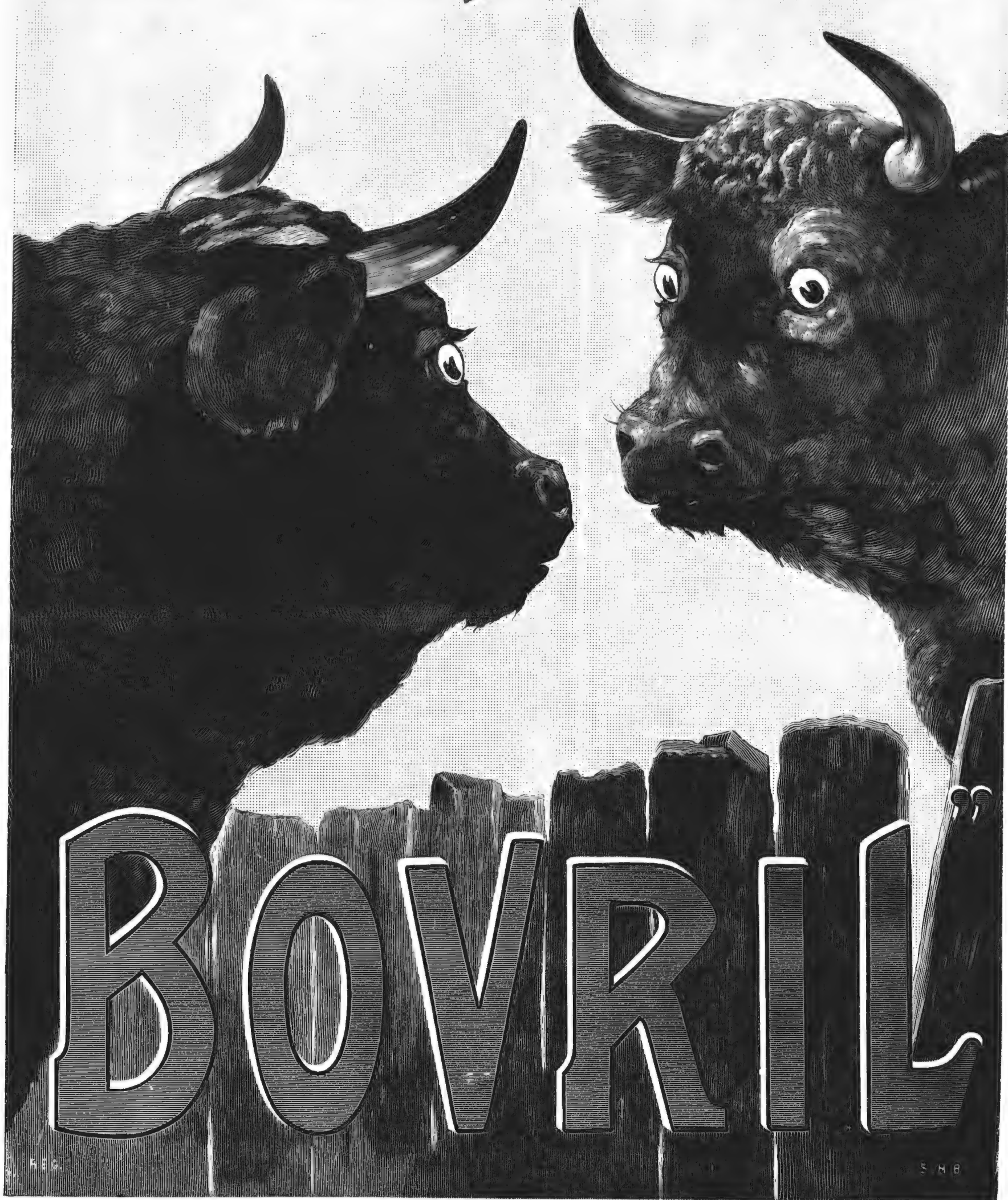
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"I hear they want more



"BRITISH NIGERIA"

West Africa has always possessed an interest peculiar to itself, an interest none the less intense because based upon the evil reputation attaching to that portion of the Dark Continent, and so well expressed in the old rhyme:

Beware and take care of the Bight of Benin
Whence few come out though many go in.

And no one, after reading Lieutenant-Colonel Mockler-Ferryman's excellent work, will complain that he has under-estimated any disillusionment. The history of our new protectorate is one long story of that dogged perseverance and self-sacrifice which have made the British race pre-eminent among colonising nations. Briefly, Nigeria was opened up by the explorations of Parker, Clapperton, Denham, the Landers, Barth and Laird; trading operations followed with varying success until 1886, when the Royal Niger Company received its charter. This charter was revoked in 1899, when Nigeria became a British Protectorate. The colonial history of the country is very complicated, and the multiplicity of dialects, and the lack of any standard method of spelling African names, renders the nomenclature of places puzzling to the uninitiated. With regard to the latter difficulty, the author has adopted the excellent practice of putting the chief variants in a footnote. The story of the Western Soudan is roughly the struggles between the Mahomedan Hamites, who founded the Empire of Bornu, the Fulahs, also Mahomedans, who founded that of Sokoto, and the pagan kingdom of Borgu. These are the chief influences with which the historian must reckon, and Lieut.-Col. Mockler-Ferryman has given the reader a concise and detailed account of this struggle, together with a description and history of the chief towns of Nigeria, the whole being connected by cross-references in footnotes. The chief difficulties which European civilisation had to surmount were, first, the continual slave-raiding under Mahomedan auspices, the native religion, with its terrible accompaniment of wholesale human sacrifice, and the Moslem influence generally. The first is excellently treated. "Domestic slavery, pure and simple," writes the author, "is an institution as natural to the African as freedom to the Briton;" but its suppression is necessary because of the continual raiding of peaceful tribes and the sacrifice of slaves. At present slave-traders form the only form of transport, and practically the only form of currency. With the development of railways and the spread of coinage the evils of slavery will disappear. The Mahomedan influence is more difficult to combat. The religion of Islam is naturally more attractive to the native, in so

far as it allows polygamy and slavery, and the missionaries are themselves blacks. Moreover it is not by any means an unmixed evil, in so far as it disallows human sacrifice; the only danger in connection with it is that there is always the possibility that a jihad, or religious war, may be preached against the white man. The chapter dealing with this subject is especially interesting and written with a broadmindedness as rare as it is commendable. The international complications arising from the at-

tempt, not entirely unsuccessful, of other nations to acquire a share in this the most fertile part of West Africa, are also the subject of a chapter which may be summed up in the author's own words:—"That Nigeria was acquired for the British Empire, and not allowed to pass into the hands of France and Germany, was, as we have shown, the merest chance. But for the foresight and energy of one Englishman Sir George Goldie-

the present Northern Protectorate would probably long since have been added to the French Sudan, and it was only by what may be described as a 'short neck' that the race for the Oil Rivers was won from Germany." The customs, religion, and folk-lore of the natives are also shortly treated, and in the chapter on the latter the reader will meet "Uncle Remus" in his native haunts. A map accompanies the volume, but it would have been far more useful had it been on a larger scale.

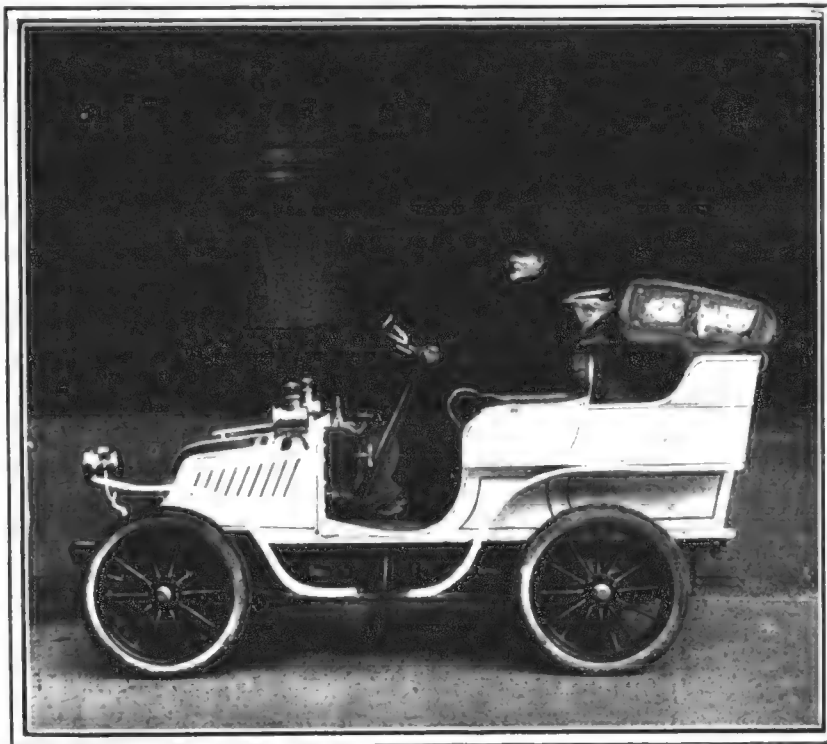
THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB, 1820-1901

Though well written and carefully compiled, it is hardly to be expected that this volume should interest many beyond those who were or are members of this University. That the author, who was himself a prominent member of the C.U.C.C., has done his self-imposed task thoroughly there can be no doubt. He first gives a detailed history of the club itself from its foundation. He then treats of Cambridge cricket and cricketers, telling anecdotes of hard-hitting, good bowling, and other incidents of different matches played between the years 1820 and 1901. Cambridge has produced many giants of our national games, including such amateurs as C. T. Thornton, the Brothers Studd, the Lyttons, A. P. Lucas, S. J. Woods, the author, etc., etc., of all of whom (but the last-named) Mr. Ford has something interesting to tell. The latter part of the volume is devoted to matches played, lists of captains, of centuries made, etc. We need only add that the book contains some interesting illustrations from old prints and from photographs.

"THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE" +

To attempt to write the history of the Temple—a history which began in 1118—is in itself a task of no small magnitude, but to compress such history into one volume would seem an impossibility. Yet Mr. Bellot has succeeded. His book is crammed with information, and gives evidence of an enormous amount of research and of the greatest possible care. Although much, as he truthfully says, has been written concerning the Temple, yet never before has the subject been exclusively treated as a whole. Beginning with the Knight Templars and Hospitallers, to whom the Temple owes its origin, the writer traces its history from century to century, from generation to generation, mentioning the many celebrated politicians, lawyers, writers, etc., who have lived in its ancient buildings. It were impossible to give in the limited space at our command any adequate idea of the interesting matter contained in this volume, or its amount. The names of the celebrities who lived or were members of the Temple would alone fill almost a column.

"The Cambridge University Cricket Club, 1820-1901." By W. J. Ford. (Backwood.)
"The Inner and Middle Temple." By Hugh H. L. Bellot, M.A., B.C.L. (Methuen.)



Lieutenant W. G. Windham, King's Foreign Messenger, is here shown conveying Government despatches in his motor-car from Charing Cross to the Foreign Office. Lieutenant Windham, who has had five years' private experience, is so pleased with the results of motoring when on public business that he intends using a car abroad instead of a carriage. Our photograph is by C. E. Treble, Lavender Hill.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: A KING'S MESSENGER OF TO-DAY

tempts, not entirely unsuccessful, of other nations to acquire a share in this the most fertile part of West Africa, are also the subject of a chapter which may be summed up in the author's own words:—"That Nigeria was acquired for the British Empire, and not allowed to pass into the hands of France and Germany, was, as we have shown, the merest chance. But for the foresight and energy of one Englishman Sir George Goldie-

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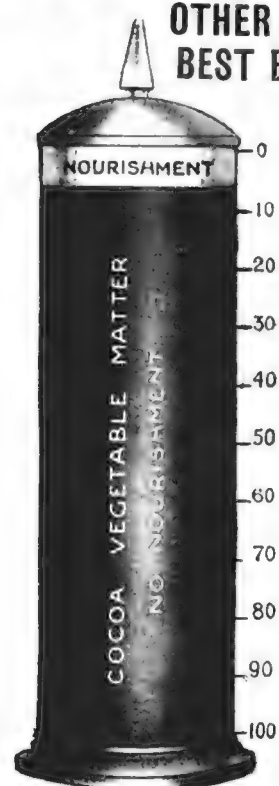
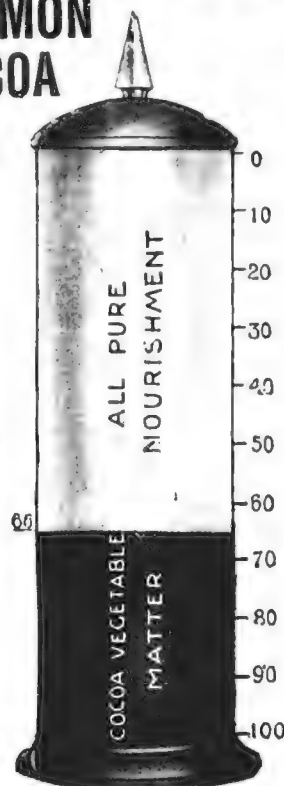
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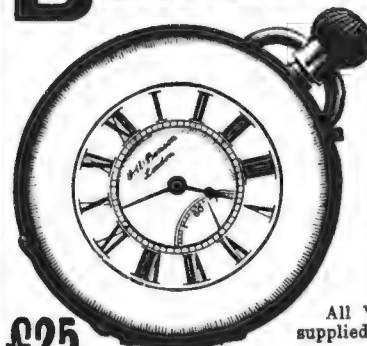
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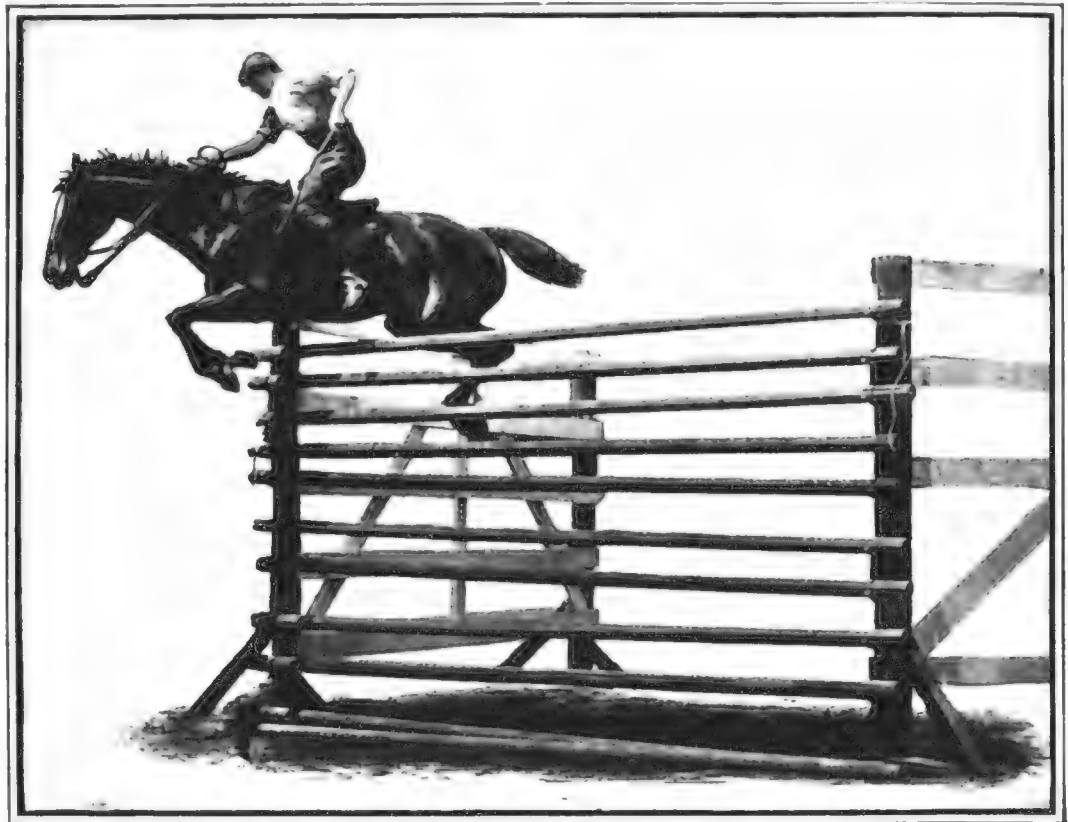
"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

A VERY charming idea of teaching children compassion and sympathy for the poor has been developed by a friend of mine. She has but one child, a little girl, naturally surrounded by all the care and love of devoted parents. It is difficult for such adored little ones ever to realise the pain and poverty of others. So this wise mother told her child that there were other little girls who had no warm clothes, and that she must make them some, and, lest the task should prove a burthen, she encouraged her to ask all her playmates and friends to help her in the charitable work. Thus, once a week, a child's party is held and tea dispensed by the young hostess, while the afternoon hours are spent by the girls in working, cutting out and sewing, and by the boys in making scrap-books. I commend the notion, which, I believe, is American in its origin, to other mothers who think it necessary to provide constant exciting amusement for their children. What young people love is occupation, and when that occupation resembles the real work of their elders, they seize upon it with a frenzy of zeal. What are the most popular games of the nursery? Dusting, washing, scrubbing in imitation of the nurse, school-keeping, teaching, in imitation of mothers and governesses, and riding, doctoring, preaching, or writing in imitation of the father's profession.

The controversy about plays being written to suit the young lady of fifteen was anticipated nearly a century ago by Goethe, for I read in his conversations these words: "What business have our young girls in the theatre? They do not belong to it; the theatre is for men and women who know something of human affairs." When Molière wrote girls were in the convent, and he was not of them to think about them. But now we cannot get rid of these young girls, and pieces which are weak, and therefore proper, will continue to be produced. Times have not changed much, the only difference being that girls now frequent theatres where the plays, generally translated from the French, are not always ultra refined.

Some five years ago I wrote in these columns a little appeal for a Home of Rest for ladies who require a period of quiet and repose in the intervals of hard work as governesses, artists, nurses, lady clerks, etc., people who cannot afford high prices for seaside lodgings, and yet whom the comfort and quiet of such a home often saves from a nervous breakdown, that terror of workers. The appeal was successful, the home was started at Southwold as a Jubilee memorial under the patronage of Princess Christian, and is prospering and much appreciated. The institution requires extension and the purchase of a larger house next door. Gifts and donations are urgently desired, and when one reflects on the monotonous life of many of those ladies and their hard and unremitting toil one can fully appreciate the benefit of such a period of repose passed free from care in the invigorating free breezes. The cost of board and lodging per week is only from twelve to seventeen shillings. It is not a convalescent home, for prevention is better than cure, and serious illness is often averted by a little timely rest. St. Barnabas' Home for Ladies on Southwold Common, Suffolk, deserves all the aid it demands, for in these days of overwork and pressure the strongest of us may break down.



As a rule, a five-barred gate is considered a good leap for a hunter, and a few horses have been trained to clear six and even seven feet. At Chicago last year, Heatherbloom, the property of Mr. Howard Willets, of Mamarsueck, New York, established a record with a jump of 7ft. 4in. It has now improved upon this performance and has made a new record of 8ft. 3in. The photograph which we reproduce was taken as Heatherbloom was clearing the fence at this height.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION JUMPER, HEATHERBLOOM

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has just brought out another weekly, and again, as many times before, one is struck by his extraordinary sympathy with and insight into women's character. His first book review is of George Eliot, at the base of whose almost masculine talent he discovers the true feminine note. As he reads her letters, the human document which to him has an irresistible attraction, he sees before him slowly unfolding the secret recesses of this woman's heart, and the perusal of her writings deepens in his mind the tragedy of her life, "the conflict between temperament, training, the voice of the world, and the louder voice of her own conscience." Mr. O'Connor's argument is that Puritanism is in the very roots and fibres of the English people, and that George Eliot was English to the core.

And now that education is in every man's mouth, one must still further agree with Mr. O'Connor in his claim for "literature the consoler." In all the lives of true book-lovers there has been a time when the world of fiction was the reality and the world of fact the dream, and these have been the happiest hours. Only if literature is to console, to glorify and to brighten our days, it must be good literature and not trash. I fear that the majority of the reading public prefer the trash. Girls are far too fond of devouring silly stories and novelettes all day, of beginning the morning with a novel as their hair is done, and burning the midnight oil or the electric light in finishing the last chapters of detective stories, excellent in their way to pass an idle hour, but indigestible and innutritious food for the intellect.

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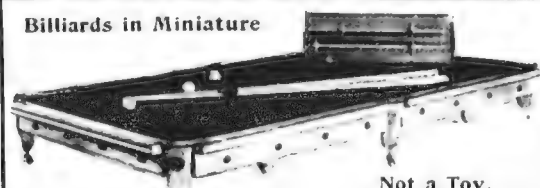
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Music of the Week

THE principal event of the current week has been the first appearance here of the famous Meiningen Orchestra, who, indeed, have been giving daily concerts at St. James's Hall alternately in the evenings and afternoons. Among our foreign visitors have also been the Kaiser's Band, forty players of strings and wind, not so refined in tone, but more vigorous in execution, than our own bands. The production of Professor Prout's new and revised edition of the *Messiah* also attracted a great deal of attention. Messrs. Broadwoods have given another concert, the announced programme including Sir Hubert Parry's duet in E minor for two pianofortes, while Messrs. Erard have started a series of "Popular" or miscellaneous concerts at the Albert Hall. Indeed, the music trades appear this year to be more than usually busy in concert-giving, for besides Messrs. Erard and Messrs. Broadwoods, the successful Queen's Hall Ballad Concerts of Messrs. Boosey are now in their thirty-seventh season, whilst Messrs. Chappell's Popular Concerts are being given alternately with Ballad Concerts on Saturday afternoons at St. James's Hall.

THE MEININGEN ORCHESTRA

Years ago travelled musicians heard, and stay-at-home Londoners heard of, the Meiningen Orchestra, which first began to achieve European celebrity when under the conductorship of the late Dr. von Bülow. It was, indeed, with the Meiningen Band that the eccentric little doctor carried out his idea of giving two performances of Beethoven's Choral Symphony on the same evening, one immediately after the other; the first, as he explained, in order to allow the audience to understand the music, the second so that they might appreciate it. For many years past, however, the band has been under the direction of Herr Steinbach, and has been travelling through Germany, their last tour, indeed, embracing upwards of sixty concerts. Now, however, the orchestra is to be disbanded and Herr Steinbach goes to Cologne. It has certainly been brought up to a high pitch of excellence, and although the programmes put forward this week did not contain any special novelties, yet the performances were of great interest. The fact that at almost every concert there was some concerted work for wind instruments, is no doubt explained by the presence in the orchestra of so renowned a clarinet player as Herr Muhlfeld, together with such performers of German celebrity as Herr Gland with the oboe, Herr Manigold, the flute, and Herr Albert, the bassoon. The opening programme was a very fair example of the rest. The Meiningen Orchestra make a speciality of Brahms' music, and the symphony on Monday, accordingly, was the first in C minor of that master.

THE NEW EDITION OF THE "MESSIAH"

Dr. Ebenezer Prout, Professor of Music at Dublin, is a ripe Handelian scholar, who is known for many years to have been a sturdy protestant against the mistakes which have crept into various editions of Handel's immortal oratorio. When the *Messiah* was written, the only method of preserving the copyright was to refrain from publishing the music; and when Handel presented the Foundling Hospital with a fair copy of the oratorio, it conferred upon that Institution the right of performing it. Accordingly, the *Messiah* was never published until eight years after Handel's death, when, thanks to careless copying and proof-reading, numerous errors crept into the engraved print. Almost all these errors have

since been repeated through successive editions until about twelve months ago Dr. Prout undertook the task of correcting it from the manuscripts and other authorities.

The "additional accompaniments" are, of course, a mere debatable question. Dr. Prout has adopted a compromise. Sir Frederick Bridge at the Albert Hall has endeavoured to give us Handel's accompaniments, but with a very modern organ part.



The Admiralty have recently received from the United States Government photographs of the large memorial tablet that has been erected at the Navy Yard Chapel, Mare Island, San Francisco, to the memory of the British and American officers and seamen who fell in the fighting in Samoa in 1899, and, in accordance with the request of the United States Government, copies of the photographs are being forwarded to the friends of Lieutenant Freeman, R.N., and the seamen who fell in the different engagements. The tablet was designed and cast through the efforts of Chaplain McAlister and the officers at the Navy Yard and the members of the British-American Alliance at San Francisco. At the bottom of the shield is a view of Apia Harbour with British and American ships at anchor, also the scene of the battle and the burial ground.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIAL

Dr. Prout prefers to retain a great deal of Mozart's additional accompaniments; although he makes frequent alterations, sometimes with Handelian authority, sometimes in order to suit the music to modern instruments and concert halls. He employs the clarinet rather freely and the organ is frequently used, as indeed it must have been in Handel's own day. A good example of this is shown in the overture, which Dr. Prout has almost entirely re-scored, the brass parts being rejected, while clarinets double the oboes from time to time, and the organ is also employed.

Again, in "Glory to God," Handel's brilliant trumpet parts are restored, and a return is made to the old idea of commencing this number very softly, the volume of sound increasing until at the end the symphony gradually dies away. The idea seems to have been to depict the Angelic Host, first heard from a distance, their Christmas chorus eventually dying off as they circle round the earth. It is, however, impossible to go seriatim through the numerous alterations, additions, and improvements which Dr. Prout has made. How conscientiously this excellent musician has performed his work may be judged by the time he expended about a certain dotted semi-quaver in "His yoke is easy." He in fact only discovered the truth by collating the chorus with the Italian love duet, from which Handel borrowed it. The performance was under the conductorship of Dr. Prout, and under the auspices of the Royal Society of Musicians. The chorus was limited to 100, and the band to 65, the singers being placed before the instrumentalists. Nothing, however, was gained by this return to an old and very bad custom.

CONCERTS—VARIOUS

It would be impracticable to note at length all the concerts of the present week. The all-too-brief Richter season ended on Tuesday, when Dr. Felix Kraus, the Gurnemanz and Titirel of Bayreuth, and his wife, Frau Kraus, an English lady, were announced to sing. At the second Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday, M. Kiser, the Parisian pianist, rather overpowered his companion in an otherwise excellent performance of Brahms' quintet in E minor, and Herr Zur von Mühlen some of Schumann's "Dichterlieber." At the Queen's Hall Ballad Concert on Saturday there was a well-diversified programme, while at the Crystal Palace, where Dr. Cowen conducted Tchaikowsky's fifth symphony, M. Foldes gave a brilliant interpretation of Dvorak's violoncello concerto, and (apparently to the bewilderment of some of the audience) played pieces by Chopin and Popper, instead of the "Moses" Fantasia which had been announced for him. Saturday night concerts never were very well attended, and the first of Messrs. Erard's concert at the Albert Hall, last Saturday, was no exception to the rule. The programme included ballads and other songs, pianoforte solos by Herr Zwintseher, part songs, and performances by the band of the Scots Guards. Among the concert-givers of the past week have been Miss Marie Tempest and Madame Chaminade, who had so large an audience that a second concert is now announced for them; Mr. Gordon Tanner, a respected violinist from the Guildhall School; Miss Louise Ormsby, an American mezzo soprano who has studied in Paris, and who, despite a tremolo, sang some French airs artistically; Miss Arenthe, a promising violinist, and Miss Neil Fraser and Iona Robertson, Scottish vocalists.

THE Rev. J. B. Baron Collins writes from Morval, Cornwall:—"I notice in a recent GRAPHIC some mention of funeral customs in the Cotswold Hills, with an illustration of a child's funeral according to the old traditions of that district. In Cornwall there is an old custom still kept up, of having little girls to bear the coffin when it is a little boy's funeral, and little boys as bearers when a little girl has died. This custom is by no means dying out, and only a week or so ago, at a very large funeral of a little boy who was accidentally shot in the next parish (Hessenford), six little girls were bearers, one of them being sister to the boy who had shot the other."

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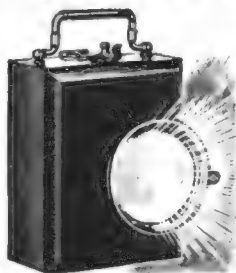
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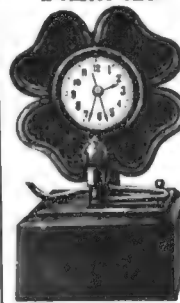
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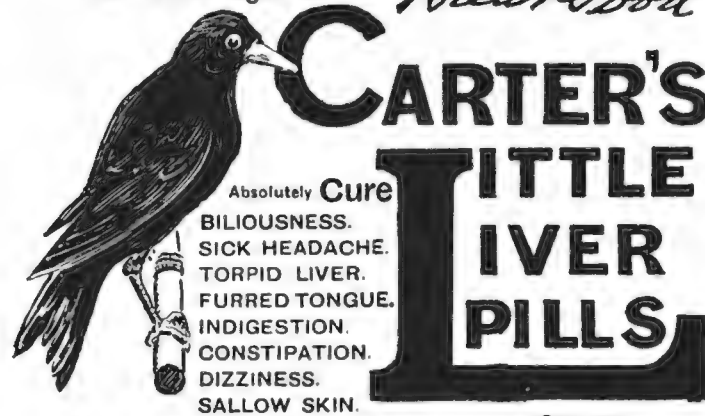
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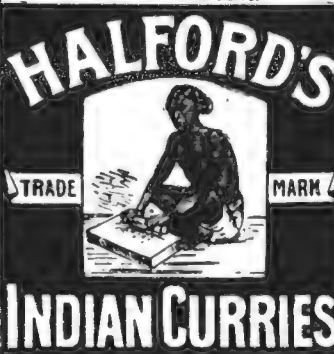
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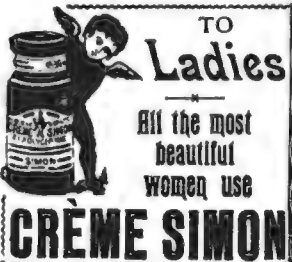
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE authorities on gardening assume that most bulbs are "in" by the end of October, and that the middle of November sees the most belated person with the last bulb planted. As a matter of fact there are still plenty of people who have not got all their bulbs either into glasses or into the ground, and the show in their houses and gardens will be no worse for being a little late. In fact, we have heard many flower lovers declare that it is best to plant late for one's own growing, and to depend upon the florists for the early pots to herald the spring. Professionals do much better than amateurs at the early forcing business, and they put the flowering bulbs on sale at such moderate prices that it often pays best to let them do the difficult work of producing perfectly symmetrical flowers of the early varieties. The lily, an old friend, now finding some new favour as the African corn lily, is a bulb which is suited by a late November planting if only it gets a warm soil and shelter from the wind for the leaf blades when they first appear. The popular Montbretia is also willing to give good results if planted in any mild and humid spell of weather from St. Martin to Lady Day; whenever planted it will give its graceful, bright-hued flowers to the garden about six months after it has been confided to the soil. A succession of Montbretia flowers may,

therefore, be arranged for. It is a success both in the flower bed and in vases, so that we may fairly regard it as one of the flowers which has come to stay. It loves wind, but is not very well able to resist the cold. The weather of late has been very pleasant in the country, and the first fox hunts of the season have been singularly favoured.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE CORN TAX

Odd profits, sometimes large profits too, are being made out of the curious muddle made by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach of the Registration Duty. The principle of the duty is sound, the principle of absolute free trade which was opposed to it is sound also, but the late Chancellor tried to separate and distinguish, with the result that some branches of trade are badly hit and others quite unfairly favoured. Maize has no claim to be encouraged as a feeding stuff while Russian barley and oats are penalised. Millet, a concentrated form of food on which millions of Indians and Japanese live, gets in free, while beans and peas pay 1s. per qr. Cleaned rice pays 5d. where uncleaned pays 3d. per cwt., and thus we are actually having cleaned, polished rice artificially mixed with five per cent. of husks in order to save the 2d. per cwt., a difference which in the present era of small trade margins is held to be a substantial profit. It is difficult to see why yeast should come in free while malt is taxed, or why bottled peas should pass without duty while dried peas are stopped by the Customs. Of course, the officials of the Custom House have their

reputation to sustain for meticulous, if not ridiculous, interferences such as no sane Chancellor could be expected to foresee. Thus it is that fly-papers are being stopped because the adhesive is made of sugar, that face powder is being taxed because it contains wheat flour, and that the highly glazed writing paper loved by dowagers is delayed in reaching the fancy stationers because the high gloss is obtained by the use of glucose. We hope that Mr. Ritchie will give us the duty next April in a common-sense form; three pence per cental on all direct and indirect forms of corn and seed would meet the case. Quantities of less than tools might well be exempt.

INCREASING THE FLOCKS

It is to be hoped that farmers have been aroused by the small figures shown in the agricultural returns, and also encouraged by the fair to good prices obtained for mutton. If an effort is made to increase the flocks this October and November, we may have fairly hopeful figures for 1903. Even in the Dorset flocks it is not too late to bring extra ewes into the breeding establishment. They will not be injured by yearning as late as March. Late lambs in Southern England are often reputed the best. The saving of ewes for breeding will also have a good effect on the prices obtained by farmers for fat sheep at Christmas and early in 1903, for the animals saved will not come into the winter market as mutton. Farmers in certain counties have recently been pressing lambs on sale until the price per lb. has fallen to that of mutton. This is thoroughly unwise, and unless forced by need of money should be abandoned.

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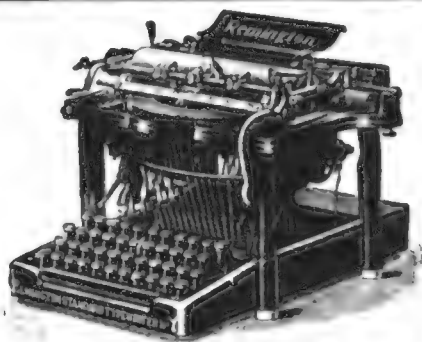
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